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LORD ELLENBOROUGH'S DESPATCH.

MR. CARDWELL has withdrawn his motion. This step had not been generally expected, but it was, in one sense, a not unnatural result of a discussion in which the real issue had become almost hopelessly confused. When an indefensible act has been committed, no amnesty is so effectual as the mental bewilderment which ensues on a long Parliamentary debate. The formula that much may be said on both sides might have been thought for once inapplicable, when the first publication of the ELLENBOROUGH despatch filled the minds of Ministerial supporters with alarmed astonishment, and inspired their opponents with triumphant indignation; but after five or six nights of discussion so much had been said on all sides of the question, as well as on many topics unconnected with it, that the perversity of the Indian Minister and the complicity of his colleagues became almost invisible in the dust of the party conflict. Yet the issue to which Mr. CARDWELL vainly attempted to confine the debate is immeasurably more important than the resignation of a Ministry, the theatrical alternative of a dissolution, or the injured feelings of a Governor-General. It is strange that so clearheaded a reasoner as Sir JAMES GRAHAM should dwell on the personal condonation which seems to have been accorded by Lord ABERDEEN, as the sponsor of his absent friend. Lord ELLENBOROUGH's graver offence consisted, not in his want of generous courtesy, but in his reckless sacrifice of the dignity and of the sovereignty which it was his peculiar duty to maintain. The publication of the despatch constituted the overt act which Parliament was called upon to stigmatize; but the document itself was obviously written to be published, and not for the instruction of the GOVERNOR-GENERAL. Among all the laboured paragraphs which are addressed to English prejudices or to Indian passions, there is not a sentence which could influence or conciliate the judgment of the high functionary who finds himself insulted when he might expect to be advised. The Ministers, when they formally approved of the rhetorical composition, must have known that its anti-thetic sarcasms were not intended for Lord CANNING's exclusive perusal. Mr. DISRAELI's hasty revelation of the purport of the despatch resembled the indiscretion of a publisher who allows the expected appearance of some work of overwhelming interest to transpire by a calculated mistake. A manager has no right, after authorizing the printing of a playbill, to affect surprise when he sees it posted on the wall, nor can Lord JOHN RUSSELL himself be accused of having pretended that the Durham letter was private and confidential. The Cabinet sanctioned a despatch which bore on its face the character of a proclamation, and it is difficult to believe that Lord ELLENBOROUGH ever concealed his design of using it for the purpose of counteracting the policy which he has since declared to be incapable of explanation. The question for the country to decide is whether a Minister is justified in writing a seditious letter for publication, and in carrying out his original purpose by laying it on the table of the House of Commons.

It is not surprising that the defendant in such a cause should shift the issue by abusing the plaintiff's attorney, and it is obvious that the motives of those who supported Mr. CARDWELL's resolution may not have been in all cases purely disinterested; but the factious element, or the suspicion of faction, which affected the Opposition, was in the present instance a source of weakness, and not of strength. Half the Ministerial party would have concurred in censuring the despatch, if a vote of disapproval could have been kept apart from the political conflict; and the malcontent Liberals avowed their desire, not to censure Lord CANNING's policy, but to defeat the rumoured combinations of Brookes's and of Cambridge House. Lord CLANRICARDE's appointment

still weighs on the decisions of the Commons, and there is a reluctance to pass a vote of censure on Lord DERBY, lest it should be mistaken for an expression of unqualified confidence in his rival. The secession of independent members could only have been averted by an unmistakeable proof that the Government cannot be trusted with the administration of India. The incidental exposure of Mr. VERNON SMITH's tricky imbecility may not unnaturally have revived the just resentment which was excited by his presence at the Board of Control; but on the other hand, it may be argued that the Liberal party is, to a certain degree, strengthened by the political suicide of one of its weakest members. It is an undoubted fact that it was the interest of the assailants to try the question on its merits, inasmuch as the weakest or least popular portion of their case consisted in the supposed eagerness of their leaders to return to office. The faction fight, so justly deprecated by Lord ABERDEEN, was the only form of conflict which afforded the Government a chance of escape.

The temptation to offer such a challenge, and the necessity of accepting it, must be attributed exclusively to the responsible authors of the despatch; but the debate itself afforded a melancholy illustration of a recent folly which has not yet subsided. Only a fortnight has passed since the House of Commons decided, by a nearly unanimous vote, that the Government of India ought to be transferred from the Company to the Crown; and one-half of the interval has been taken up with a discussion on the rights of landowners in Oude, which has virtually turned on the comparative merits of a Whig and a Tory Ministry. Mr. ROEBUCK, as usual, uttering strongly thoughts which are not always conceived clearly, avowed, with the cynical candour of an accomplice, the truth that the power nominally vested in the Crown must be practically exercised by the House of Commons. "At a time," he said, "when we are discussing the Government of India, there comes before us a question of party politics, and we forget the happiness of 200,000,000 of men, and reduce the question to the consideration of this bench and that." A more dispassionate and consecutive reasoner would have paused to consider whether the transfer of Indian administration to a partisan assembly would not in all other cases, as in the present, lead to the introduction of party discussions. The speaker himself attempted to escape from the necessity which he denounced, by vehement declamations against Lord CANNING's supposed injustice, and in favour of Lord ELLENBOROUGH's inflammatory despatch; but as no spasmodic effort could sufficiently counteract the permanent and centripetal force of faction, the peroration of the speech consisted in a contrast between the convenient weakness of the Treasury bench and the "strong insolence" of the Opposition. "If we seek simple honesty," said Mr. ROEBUCK in conclusion, "if we want justice for the people of England, if we seek the happiness of the people of England, and good government for the people of England, we shall give a decided negative to the resolution of the Member for Oxford." In other words, Lord ELLENBOROUGH may have compromised the honour of the Sovereign, and postponed the restoration of peace throughout India—the GOVERNOR-GENERAL may be crippled in his policy, and the integrity of the Empire may be called in question—but Lord DERBY is more likely than Lord PALMERSTON to concede a sweeping Reform Bill, and the present Ministers return civil answers to questions which formerly provoked check or a repartee. Such are the influences which will hereafter supersede the traditional steadiness of Indian administration, unless Parliament has the courage to retrace its steps by abandoning the silly Bills and mischievous Resolutions which popular clamour has suggested to reckless competitors for office. Mr. CARDWELL's was the first legitimate motion on Indian questions which has been brought before the present House of Commons. It was caused by the intemperate haste of Lord

ELLENBOROUGH to anticipate the omnipotence which is hereafter to be vested in the Indian Minister, on condition of his receiving the support of Parliament: but the inevitable discussion has added another difficulty to the numerous impediments with which the Government of India is forced to contend. The delay which has taken place will probably render legislation impossible for the session, and if, in the course of a few months, public opinion corrects itself, Lord PALMERSTON, Lord JOHN RUSSELL, and Mr. DISRAELI will be eager to compete for the credit of ready acquiescence in the deliberate judgment of the nation.

Although the conduct of the Government formed the proper subject for the consideration of Parliament, no prudence could have averted a discussion on the policy of Lord CANNING's Proclamation. The correspondence with Sir J. OUTRAM, which arrived at the last moment, may supply arguments to both parties in the late dispute; but it is far from supporting Lord ELLENBOROUGH's extravagant theories of "universal confiscation," and it ought to silence the brazen loquacity of declaimers, such as the Irish ATTORNEY-GENERAL. Lord CANNING agrees with Sir J. OUTRAM that the rebel chiefs are entitled to be treated as "honourable enemies;" but he adds that he cannot recognise them as successful adversaries. To those who may have suffered injustice under Lord DALHOUSIE's settlement, he offers the redress of their grievances, and he even expresses a doubt whether the attempt to substitute a village settlement for the talookdar system was originally prudent. The GOVERNOR-GENERAL, however, quotes four or five cases in which Chieftains or Rajahs had rebelled, after the most liberal treatment from the conquering Power; and he remarks that the penalty of confiscation in such cases is just, and that, although relaxation of the sentence may be politic, it must in all instances be preceded by submission. The outrageous charge that Lord CANNING intended to confiscate the property of the village communities could only have originated in the intemperate violence of a Minister blind with arrogance. That a political party should be driven by Parliamentary necessities to repeat and maintain such an accusation, is a proof of the ruinous nature of the system which Mr. ROEBUCK exposes and defends.

The very limited confidence which judicious politicians placed from the first in the present Government proves to be unfounded. The respectable character and creditable abilities of several individual members have not furnished a sufficient security against the most indiscreet composition which ever received the approval of a Cabinet. Lord DERBY reigns without governing, and his colleagues, with few exceptions, cannot be trusted with the independent control of their respective departments. Although the Government, for the present, has escaped the danger with which Mr. CARDWELL's motion threatened it, we fear that, unless Oude is to be given up—unless the hands of the European Government in India are to be tied—the country must, before long, be content to submit to the evils of a Ministerial crisis. Nor should it be forgotten that if one party goes out, the other must come in, and that adherence to a political section involves an acceptance of its recognised leaders. The ex-Ministers have possibly learned wisdom during their brief exclusion from office, especially as they have not suffered from the silence of numerous and zealous teachers. BILDAD and ELIPHAZ have never for a moment ceased to lift up their voices in reproof since JOB, unwillingly, took his seat among the potsherds. The Liberal members have suspended their menacing meetings for a time, but their organization cannot be forgotten by a future Liberal Government, which must practically depend on their support. It may, however, be admitted that the mere revival of Lord PALMERSTON's Ministry would be at the same time impolitic and useless. New blood must be infused into the veins of the party, by the adhesion of influential and independent statesmen. Lord CLANRICARDE, Mr. VERNON SMITH, and others are relegated by the force of circumstances to a private career for the rest of their lives. The negative advantage of their absence from the Ministerial councils may hereafter be improved by the acquisition of new and more valuable allies.

THE SUPPRESSED LETTER.

THROUGHOUT the whole debate on Mr. CARDWELL'S Resolution, the Government speakers had one great advantage, and they pressed it to the uttermost. Every allusion to the letter from Lord CANNING which Mr. VERNON

SMITH received and did not transmit, was hailed with volleys of significant cheering. As a mere matter of argument, the suppression of this letter may not be very important, but it is not always logical force which gives the bias to a debate; and the blunder, or worse than blunder, which Mr. VERNON SMITH committed was really worth a world of accurate reasoning to the apologists of Lord ELLENBOROUGH. We cannot regret this. It is only in politics that Englishmen ever seem disposed to give each other somewhat less than fair play, and an especial value attaches accordingly to every unanimous demonstration of English politicians against the semblance of sharp practice in the conduct of public affairs. Across the Atlantic, Mr. VERNON SMITH might have got credit for having cut his eye-teeth; but it is undeniable, and very satisfactory, that when he rose to make his incredible exhibition of Friday week, he was pretty nearly as heartily hooted from his own side of the House as by the gentlemen who had just been cheering the SOLICITOR-GENERAL.

The indefensible character of the proceeding to which he had lent himself was proclaimed by Mr. VERNON SMITH with curious frankness. The substance of his statement was that the GOVERNOR-GENERAL corresponded with England in three ways—by official despatch to the Court of Directors, by extraordinary communication to the Secret Committee, and by private letter to the President of the Board of Control. Mr. SMITH seemed to argue that, because Lord CANNING might have adopted the first two modes of communication, his having in fact selected the third deprived his letters of all materiality. It is perfectly true that Lord ELLENBOROUGH might have received official despatches which might have contained all that was included in the private letter to Mr. VERNON SMITH; but this possibility—which, after all, came to nothing, no such despatches having been received—did not furnish one atom of excuse for withholding papers which are only private in the sense that they are not technically called official. Mr. VERNON SMITH knew, because he said, that private letters were one of the ordinary instrumentalities by which the Governor-General corresponded with England. Even had he been one of Lord CANNING's bosom friends, the knowledge of this fact would have imposed on him the obligation of communicating to his successor every passage which alluded to public affairs. But there is no reason to think that Mr. VERNON SMITH had any intimacy with the Governor-General beyond that of a colleague. He must have been aware that Lord CANNING would have never written him a line about India unless the most extraordinary of accidents had made him Lord CANNING's master; and he ought to have seen that, when that relation was broken, his title to consider Lord CANNING's letters as intended exclusively for his private perusal came necessarily to an end. All doubt on the point is, in fact, removed by Lord ELLENBOROUGH's receipt of three private letters by the last mail, and by the tenor of those which Lord PALMERSTON read on Thursday evening. It is now perfectly evident that the present Governor-General deliberately prefers this mode of correspondence, or is forced into it by the exigency of his immediate duties. And this being so, it becomes absolutely immaterial whether the letters which were withheld were of importance. As a matter of fact, they were of the extremest importance. The Government, though tried for a misdemeanour which is wholly unaffected by the injustice it has suffered, has yet the right to say that it has not been fairly dealt with by its opponents. It is certainly disgraceful to English public men that the whole correspondence from India has been for three months conducted through the Opposition.

Whether the letters withheld from Lord ELLENBOROUGH would or would not have prevented him from penning the obnoxious despatch, Mr. VERNON SMITH's case is absolutely unaltered. The Lucknow proclamation, if transmitted without note or explanatory comment, must have undoubtedly been intended to be its own interpretation. Under these circumstances, if Lord ELLENBOROUGH disengaged from the principle on which it was based, he was justified in expressing his disapproval, though far from justified in publishing it to the world. Lord CANNING had himself seen this. He perceived that the proclamation might in itself give rise to doubts as to the exact intention which it was designed to carry out, and accordingly he sent to the person whom he believed to be the President of the Board of Control a message which promised the requisite elucidation. The letter which Mr. VERNON SMITH and his friends allege to be unimportant was nothing less than an

acknowledgment that the import of the proclamation might be mistaken, and a pledge that it should be set in its proper light hereafter. No honest man will deny that Lord ELLENBOROUGH was entitled to read such letters as those which Lord PALMERSTON has now made public. They ought to have had, and Mr. VERNON SMITH had no reason to doubt that they would have had, the effect of inducing him to suspend his judgment. So far as Lord ELLENBOROUGH erred in prematurely forming an opinion on Lord CANNING's measure, the conduct of Mr. VERNON SMITH and his friends would have gone far to excuse him, had we not his own confession that the perusal of the suppressed letter would not have altered his course. But the intemperate language of his despatch, its gratuitous attack on the policy of Lord DALHOUSIE, and its hurried publication, are not a bit less censurable. The suppression of one or more letters from the Governor-General, though a wrong to Lord ELLENBOROUGH, and a grave public delinquency, does not touch the gist of the charge against the Government.

The most unaccountable part of the matter has been Mr. VERNON SMITH's prolonged unwillingness to produce Lord CANNING's letter in its integrity. His language was studiously framed so as to imply that it contained something extremely confidential—say, chaff of Lord SHAFTESBURY, or improper jokes on Lord CLANRICARDE, or racy anecdotes of Sir COLIN! The contents now turn out to have no interest which is not eminently public, and yet this absurd coyness can only have been intended to keep up the affectation of extreme privacy. Does Mr. VERNON SMITH genuinely believe that he is the EGERIA of the Calcutta NUMA? Is he positively persuaded that Governor-Generals select him as the depositary of their secrets and the confidant of their difficulties, not because the mechanism of the Constitution made him President of the Board of Control, but because he is the one man of all others whom a statesman would consult in his country's extremity? The best defence of Mr. VERNON SMITH's honour is one which denies him common sense. If he honestly thinks that the character in which he continued to be Lord CANNING's correspondent was wholly unconnected with the official capacity of which he had just divested himself, no words can be too strong for his folly and immodesty. We cannot engage to measure the lengths of presumption which may be proceeded to by the outsider of Brooker's who conceived the extinction of the East India Company; and we dare say the ugliest scrape into which a public man has got himself in our day may be explained by assuming that Mr. VERNON SMITH never completely realized that he was only the fly on the wheel of the State carriage.

THE FRENCH EMPEROR AND THE BUDGET COMMISSION.

THE French Government and the Commission on the Budget cannot agree whether the scheme for 1859 shows a surplus or a deficit. According to the Commission, the ordinary receipts will fall short of the ordinary expenditure by 1,890,000*l.*, and a further adverse balance of 1,170,000*l.* appears in the comparison of extraordinary charges and receipts. The version of the Government, as recently given in the *Moniteur*, is that there will be a surplus of 3,750,000*l.* This is at first sight rather puzzling; but the difference is due, not to any discrepancy in the figures, but to the aspect in which the sinking fund is regarded. The present Sinking-fund of France is a legacy from the Consular Government of 1799. The demands which arose out of the wars which ended in the destruction of the Imperial Government soon reduced the law of the Sinking-fund to a dead letter, but in 1816 it was re-established, with an express declaration that in no case, and on no pretext, was the amount legally devoted to the redemption of debt to be encroached upon. Rentes were to be annually purchased to the extent of one per cent. of the whole consolidated debt. A Special Commission was appointed to watch over the exact execution of the decree, and it was anticipated that by these means the amount of the public debt would be gradually but surely reduced. Some modifications were introduced into the system after the Revolution of July, but its principle has remained untouched, and it is still the law of France that a certain rather considerable sum shall be annually applied to the extinction of debt.

Since 1848, the amount payable to the Sinking-fund has figured regularly in the estimates of the expenses of the

State; and the taxation of the country has been kept up to a very high point, avowedly for the purpose of covering this demand upon the national resources. With equal regularity, the whole sum raised expressly for the purpose of paying off debt has been absorbed by the excessive demands of the annual expenditure, and has left besides a further annual deficit to be provided for, the aggregate of which, in the course of ten years, has risen to about 110,000,000*l.* Half of this may have been fairly due to the Crimean war, so that the normal condition of French finance seems to involve a yearly deficit of 5,000,000*l.*, in addition to about an equal amount abstracted from the Sinking-fund. This explanation will render the conflict between the Commission and the Government intelligible. The Budget for 1859, estimates the ordinary expenses of the State at 69,000,000*l.*, of which 5,900,000*l.* is the payment legally due to the Sinking-fund. Besides this, there is a sum of 1,170,000*l.* to be provided for extraordinary outlay. The estimated receipts are put at 67,500,000*l.*, and from these figures the Commission infers that there will be a deficit of upwards of 3,000,000*l.* On the other hand, the Government claims to have provided a surplus of 3,750,000*l.* The difference between these two statements arises mainly from the fact that in the Ministerial calculation, the extraordinary expenses of the year and the sums due to the Sinking-fund, amounting together to about 7,000,000*l.*, are deducted from the account of expenditure. The Government then proposes, out of its assumed surplus, to pay to the Sinking-fund 1,600,000*l.* (or about one-third of the amount due to it), to apply nearly 700,000*l.* to the augmentation and improvement of the fleet, and to devote the rest of the expected funds to specific extraordinary expenditure already foreseen as inevitable.

The result, therefore, is, that whereas in former years the appropriation of the Sinking-fund has not sufficed to balance the expenditure, it will not be necessary to take more than two-thirds of it to square up the accounts of 1859—supposing, indeed, that no falling off of revenue, nor any increase of expenditure beyond present calculations, should occur in the so-called year of equilibrium. The Commission agrees with the Minister in the opinion that the taxes will realize the anticipated sum; but it does not fail to point out that this result will be effected only by the continuance of the war taxes imposed as a temporary expedient during the conflict with Russia, and urges as strongly as it can venture to do the impossibility of continuing the second *decime* as a permanent impost. Its confidence in the proposed limit of expenditure being observed is obviously very weak; and after the experience of past years, more especially those of the Imperial Government, it would indeed require strong faith to believe in the promises of the Budget in this respect.

The most remarkable fact is, that both the Commission and the Government hold fast by the theory of the Sinking-fund, which has invariably been set at nought by the successive authorities who have ruled since 1848, and which the Emperor still proposes to disregard in 1859, to the extent of about 3,000,000*l.* It is easy to understand why the Imperial Government should cling to a fiction that affords a pretence for taxation without imposing any real obligation to incur corresponding expenditure. It is very convenient for a Minister of Finance to have a surplus or a deficit just as may suit the exigencies of the moment. When he wishes to make the continuance of a heavy war taxation palatable, the duty of providing for the extinction of debt, according to the letter of the law, is put forward as a pressing obligation, and the requirements of the State are represented as rising to something like 70,000,000*l.* After the desired taxation has been submitted to on the ground of necessity, a little legerdemain changes the aspect of affairs. The Sinking-fund is struck out of the items of expenditure, a magnificent surplus is paraded, and the prudent care of the Imperial Government is made the subject of a self-laudatory article in the official organ. An honest Sinking-fund, on the French system, would undoubtedly be a blunder; but there is some ingenuity in a scheme by which money is raised under pretence of paying debt, and then applied to any purposes to which the ambition or caprice of a despotic Government may wish to devote it. As it is actually dealt with, the Sinking-fund is merely a trick—and a rather transparent one—for placing in the hands of the Government a sum of nearly 6,000,000*l.*, without the necessity of rendering any previous account of the manner in which it is intended to be spent. No one can be surprised that it is in favour in high quarters.

It is less intelligible why the Commission, whose desire to

control the expenditure of the Government is evidently genuine, should lend their countenance to a system which renders utterly ineffectual even the moral restraint that alone remains possible. They talk about the Sinking-fund as if it were a reality, and do not talk very wisely even on that fanciful hypothesis. Their argument in its favour is a mere repetition of what has long since been exploded here. The pledge that a certain fixed portion of debt shall be extinguished every year is supposed to give confidence to the holders of stock, to facilitate new loans when necessary, and to raise the price of Government securities. But it is always folly to attempt to prescribe a rigid rule for future years. Even with an honest Government really bent upon carrying out the policy of such a measure, and strongly impressed with the duty of obeying the solemn prescriptions of the law, circumstances must arise from time to time to affect their capacity for paying off their old obligations; while, with a Government that seeks only to grasp all it can, and pays but little respect to legality, the imposition of such feeble shackles serves no purpose but to show how easily a strong will may set the law at defiance.

The credit of a country is not to be improved by devices of this kind, and what contributors to loans and holders of stock must really look to is not the letter of the law, but the actual facts of the case. While the debt grows at a rate of 10,000,000*l.* a-year, a theoretical Sinking-fund will do little to restore confidence. When a surplus becomes the normal condition of the Exchequer, credit will not fail for want of a decree that a certain fixed sum shall be applied in the purchase of Rentes. The Commission would have done more wisely if they had recommended the abolition of a sham Sinking-fund, which serves no purpose but to place the financial schemes of the Government beyond the reach of effectual criticism, as they are beyond the reach of substantial control. Voting 6,000,000*l.* to the Sinking-fund is in effect voting it as Secret Service money, to be spent in any way the Government may choose; and the abandonment of the practice would at least be attended with this advantage, that it would compel the Minister of Finance either to abide by his own estimate of expenditure, or, if he did exceed it, to resort to less deceptive ways and means than the diversion of taxation from its avowed and legitimate objects.

OUR ENEMIES AT HOME.

AMONG the shadowy forms of the benighted past which are fast disappearing before the meridian splendour of political enlightenment, may certainly be numbered that obsolete absurdity called love of one's country. Nothing seems more remote from our intellectual sympathies than the idea that we have special privileges and a peculiar heritage as Englishmen, and that it is incumbent on us in return to be jealous of the honour of England. The mind of CHATHAM, according to his own account, was fed, not on history or statistics, but on the romantic abstractions of the *Fairy Queen*. The patriotism of CHATHAM has now become an abstraction almost as romantic as those on which his mind was fed. The most accredited mode of making political capital now is at your country's expense. The most approved mode of striking at a political adversary is through the side of your country.

At the time when we were actually drifting into war with Russia, and the contest was inevitable, the then leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons thought proper to keep up a correspondence with the public enemy, and to publish the arguments of Russia in his personal organ, with a view to embarrass the Government of his own country. In this instance, perhaps, the claims of patriotism were doubtful, and most Englishmen would be generously inclined to allow the offender the benefit of the doubt. But at a later period of the conflict, a similar line of independent action in favour of the enemy of the nation was taken by certain statesmen, who were undoubtedly Englishmen by origin, but cosmopolite by conviction. In the eloquent speeches of these statesmen the Russians found, at the crisis of the struggle, the best encouragement to be persevering in their efforts and high in their demands. The mistrust with which England rewarded the conduct of the Russian party in Parliament, notwithstanding their great merits and services, was amply deserved, though those on whom it was bestowed seem still anxious to improve their title. At the same time, our most eminent journal was impelled by its allegiance to the cause of truth, not only

to publish but greatly to exaggerate to the envious world all the shortcomings of our military organization, and thereby to create for us in Europe a name for military impotence which we have not yet lost, and which may yet chance to cost us dear. Not only our defects but our reverses were magnified; and the French army, who had at first readily admitted that our failure at the storming of the Redan was an inevitable accident, and their own success at the storming of the Malakoff a stroke of fortune, learnt from English newspapers to attribute their success to their superior skill, and to cast our failure in our teeth. The authority of all those to whom we are alluding is high, yet it fails to convince us that such a part can ever be played except from motives which, if not mean, are at least most erroneous and perverse.

Again, because the East India Company made an inconvenient resistance to their own abolition, Sir G. C. LEWIS, who is generally noted for his caution and excess of temperance in debate, must needs launch out into a declaration that the government of the Company at the period when its Empire was being acquired, was the most rapacious and unjust, without exception, that the world ever saw. We produced at the time the contemporary evidence which proved that this statement was a gross exaggeration. But we might produce any amount of evidence the most overwhelming without removing the statement from the page of Continental calumny, in which everything dishonourable to England is greedily recorded. And at a moment of mortal struggle, one of the things most calculated to turn the wavering sympathies of Europe against us proceeded from the mouth of one who was especially bound to be careful of the national honour.

Next we have a manifesto from Mr. BRIGHT, proclaiming to the world that the poor in England are so intolerably oppressed by the rich, and that our whole system of Government is so utterly abominable, that the only thing for a wise man of the poorer class to do is to quit these accursed shores, and redeem himself and his children from hopeless injustice and misery by flying to a happier shore. This manifesto is published by a man who is himself a standing monument of the justice of English society to honourable exertion, and of the manner in which the most natural class-jealousy, provoked by the most violent attacks, will yield to the claims of rising merit. It so happens that the picture drawn appears to all foreign observers whose eyes are not jaundiced by hatred, the very reverse of the truth. To them it appears that there is no country in Europe where there is so little division and antipathy between the lower classes and the upper—as there certainly is none where the burden of taxation has been more scrupulously removed from the necessities of life, or where the rich tax themselves so largely in the shape of voluntary contributions to every sort of public object for the benefit of the poor. But pugnacious spirits, when debarred from war, must find compensation in the indulgence of political bitterness, and in stimulating class division and hate. We cannot be surprised at hearing general denunciations of our Indian Empire from the same lips from which general denunciations of our social character had issued just before.

Once more, Lord ELLENBOROUGH wishes to cast discredit on the past policy of one rival, and to assert his authority in a striking manner over another. He does the first by publicly impeaching, in a very vigorous despatch, the title of his sovereign to a territory which, as her servant, he has undertaken, and is bound in honour, to defend against the rebels with whom its possession is being contested. He does the second by publicly striking what is in effect a military measure, taken at the crisis of a campaign, with a censure resembling a lampoon, and exhorting the enemy to resist to the utmost the usurped sway of our Governor-General and the unjust arms of our troops. The offence, so far from being regretted, is signally repeated in debate, not only by the principal offender himself, but by his colleagues; and the audience shows no sense of the fact that anything has been committed beyond a great indiscretion—the act really being, under these circumstances, simply and plainly an act of treason.

It is a consequence of the same spirit that the duty of cordially and honourably supporting public servants engaged in conflict with the public enemy appears also to be becoming a thing of the past. Lord RAGLAN's energy and life sunk quite as much under the attacks and discouragements of his own countrymen as under the severity of the climate or the harassing conflict with the foe. Lord CANNING has borne, during the past year, perhaps as great a burden as was ever cast on man

He has borne it well, by the explicit confession of those who are now his assailants. But if ever there was a man who needed and had a right to expect sympathy and encouragement from those under whom he acts, it is he. Yet it is deemed quite in the ordinary course of things that those who dislike him personally and want his place should, without recalling him, try to make his position untenable by insults. Those insults, indeed, ought not to make his position untenable; for an insult given to a rival under cover of official authority is the stingless and painless insult of a coward. But they may well unnerve his heart and arm, by showing him that what should be his support is another enemy in his rear; and the public service may suffer deeply, though no stain may be cast on the reputation of the man. How long the zeal and chivalry of public servants will bear this kind of treatment is a question which perhaps it is not worth while to consider.

No one would wish to revive the fanatical patriotism of the conquering nations of antiquity, which placed the interest of the State above truth and justice. No one wishes that any of her faults should be concealed from England. But it is one thing to seek to remove from your country the reproach of injustice by inducing her to redress the wrong—it is another to brand her with the reproach of injustice without seeking to remove it. The exclusive bond of nationality has been weakened by the intellectual and commercial intercourse of nations, and the bond of humanity has been strengthened in proportion. But still England is something to us; and, to judge by the present aspect of the world, we may have to go through a good deal together as Englishmen still. We cannot yet afford to cease to be a nation.

THE POLITICAL DEAD-LOCK.

IT cannot be disputed that public affairs are at this moment in a condition unsatisfactory, almost without example, in Parliamentary history. It is neither easy nor agreeable to attempt to apportion the blame due to the several parties who have contributed to produce this almost hopeless confusion. When all sides are largely culpable, it is hardly necessary to weigh nicely the balance of censure. One thing, however, is lamentably clear—viz., that the leaders of all parties are almost equally discredited in public opinion. If the authority and influence which Lord PALMERSTON possessed a year ago had not been utterly worn out and dissipated, the continuance of Lord DERBY's Administration could not have been, even for a moment, matter of speculation; but the truth is, that our experience of the late Cabinet, while it affords but a poor consolation for the faults of the present Administration, leads us to fear its revival, without very material modifications, even more than the continuance of its successor.

Whether the duration of the present Ministry be an affair of weeks or of months, the situation in the long run will be practically the same. No one at all acquainted with the real tone of public feeling can for a moment suppose that Lord DERBY's Government can establish for itself a solid and permanent position. It is essentially a scratch team, which is worked by the job until proper arrangements can be made for carrying on the business of the country. It is precisely on this ground that we have, since the advent of Lord DERBY to office, constantly deprecated a premature attempt to precipitate the reconstruction of a Liberal Administration before the essential preliminaries were properly settled. If a new Government were at this moment to be constructed on liberal principles, it must unfortunately be formed under circumstances in which such men as Sir JAMES GRAHAM, Mr. GLADSTONE, Mr. ROEBUCK, Mr. BRIGHT, and Mr. MILNER GIBSON would be arrayed, if not in hostility to it, at least in the not less dangerous attitude of armed neutrality. This, in itself, would not be an encouraging prospect for an Administration which would accede to office by no overwhelming majority, and which, in addition to its declared enemies, would receive but an ambiguous support from the rejected Whigs, whose exclusion would be a necessary part of any new arrangement. And a dissolution would scarcely remedy the evil, for while the strength of Lord DERBY could not be materially increased, the disunion of the Opposition might be considerably aggravated.

Two things are tolerably clear—first, that the late Cabinet "did not do," and secondly, that the present Government "does not do," but it is by no means so easy to point to

any feasible combination that "will do." In the midst of all this accumulation of negations, one negative appears, however, to be solidly established, which at least rids us of one stumbling-block and rock of offence. The old stock Whig cast has been so unanimously and enthusiastically damned, that even the *claque* of Printing House-square has been carried off by the contagion of cat-calls. When the drawing-room organ of Whiggism—we do not mean the *Morning Post*—lifts its heel against the "Whig Connexion," the manager will probably learn that there are limits to the endurance of the audience. The day of personal adhesions in politics is gone by, and certainly the recent spectacle of the system, as applied to journalism, does not invite imitation. The *Times* has tried two experiments on Lord PALMERSTON. Ten years ago, with a literary power which it now very seldom exhibits, that journal laboured to destroy the champion of the "spirited foreign policy." For the last two years, it has devoted itself, with a servility almost menial, to do the dirtiest work of the late Prime Minister. In both cases it egregiously failed. Lord PALMERSTON rose in the teeth of the vehement hostility of the *Times*, and he fell in spite of its clamorous support. If we may venture to point the moral of this extraordinary miscarriage of omnipotence, we would suggest that the policy of personal favouritism or personal animosities is one which in the long run brings discredit and loss of influence on a journal, the very breath of whose nostrils must be independence and impartiality. Perhaps it is to some sense of these mortifying failures that we owe the frank admission of the total collapse of the system on which Lord PALMERSTON's Government was constructed—an admission which gives some hope that the "leading journal" is capable of emancipating itself from the carpet influences by which it has so long been enthralled. Let us hope that HERCULES is tired of twirling the distaff of OMPHALA, and that he is about to resume his club and his lion skin. The *Times*, indeed, like its patron, has of late been too much surrounded by "flatterers and fine ladies."

When we rejoice at the admitted extinction of the pure "Whig Connexion" as an instrument for the Government of the country, we are far from wishing to imply that no parts of the machine are applicable to the public service. It would be idle and foolish to deny that, as long as Lord PALMERSTON and Lord JOHN RUSSELL live, they must, from their experience, ability, and influence, be foremost and principal components of any Liberal Administration. The misfortune has hitherto been that, in the Governments over which they have both presided, owing to the exclusive and sectarian composition of their Cabinets, the peculiar defects of both have not received that check and counterpoise which they might have found from colleagues of larger views and of a different political education. It is notorious that, in the late Administration, no Minister durst even remonstrate against measures the policy of which he might doubt or disapprove. And when Lord JOHN RUSSELL was at the head of a Cabinet, he did not even condescend to consult his colleagues before he launched himself into affairs of the highest political importance. The head of the Whigs for the time being thought, naturally enough, that he might "do what he liked with his own." If there had been any really strong and independent element in the Administration of Lord PALMERSTON, we should have been saved from the enormous blunder of the Conspiracy Bill, and all the perplexities which have flowed from it. In domestic politics, the House of Commons will always exercise a vigilant and sufficient supervision; but in foreign affairs, irreparable mischief may be accomplished long before the facts are known to any but the members of the Cabinet. It is to the construction, then, of a Cabinet in which the Liberal party can place confidence, that the earnest attention and sincere efforts of those who wish to see the country freed from its present embarrassments should be directed. In order that we may derive any advantage from the eminent abilities of Lord JOHN RUSSELL and Lord PALMERSTON, some more effective and independent controlling power must be sought than can be found in the docile subordinates who have been reared in the exclusive allegiance of the "Whig Connexion."

MANNING THE NAVY.

HOWEVER much the persistency of Sir C. NAPIER in pressing his motion on Tuesday evening may have disconcerted politicians eager to decide the fate of a Ministry, the importance of the subject was not inferior to that of the

Indian debate. No time is out of season for an inquiry whether the naval force of the country is adequate for our defence at all times and in any eventuality. Least of all is such a question impertinent when it is acknowledged that the means available in ordinary times for manning any considerable number of additional ships have, for many years past, been so deficient as to cause just uneasiness in the minds of those who are best able, from official and professional experience, to form an opinion on the subject. It is true that on the breaking out of the Russian war we were able, at very short notice, to send out two magnificent fleets to the Baltic and the Black Sea; and we have no doubt that on any emergency the spirit and energy of the country would justify Sir JOHN PAKINGTON's tone of confident reliance. But a good navy seaman is not manufactured in a day, and it is not fitting that Great Britain should place her ships in the hands of raw levies, who cannot be expected to rival the efficiency of regularly-trained sailors. What we need is to have at all times an adequate body of experienced seamen, to whom the protection of our coasts may be left without a particle of doubt or anxiety. The Channel is our single line of defence—the crews of our ships are almost the only substantial garrison we possess—and no pains should be spared, nor, if necessary, any expenditure grudged, to maintain the constant efficiency of our solitary bulwark.

Much has been done in the last few years to provide a ready supply of seamen for any sudden demand; but much still remains to be done before we can rely on our ability to man our ships as rapidly as circumstances may render desirable. The Committee of Naval Officers who reported on the subject in 1853, recommended several important changes, from which much fruit has already been gathered, and more may fairly be expected. The re-organization of the Coast-Guard force and the establishment of a Volunteer Naval Militia have given us a reserve of 12,000 efficient men, who may be transferred to the navy at a moment's notice. The numbers of the volunteers and the popularity of the service are said to be increasing, and it is satisfactory to find that the value of this resource is fully appreciated by those who have the control of our naval administration. The system of recruiting sailors as continuous service men adds further to the means at our disposal, though at some increase to the cost of the service; but every day confirms the opinion of the Committee of 1853, that the ranks of the Merchant service cannot be relied on to furnish any considerable number of men on short notice. The rough-and-ready device of the pressgang is exploded as barbarous; and the scheme of Sir CHARLES NAPIER for calling out the merchant seamen according to a regular rotation, savours overmuch of the conscription by which foreign navies are manned, and would be difficult to work successfully in this country. It is to volunteers that we must trust, and it is idle to disguise the fact that sailors who have been accustomed to the laxer discipline and higher pay of the commercial navy are not much disposed to enter into the QUEEN's fleet. Sir JOHN PAKINGTON, in consenting to a Commission, dwelt upon the importance of finding means for making the mercantile marine more available for manning the navy, and one can scarcely doubt that additional inducements would succeed in attracting far larger numbers into the service of the country. But, large as is the number of our merchant vessels, the sailors at home, at any one time, form a comparatively small body from which to draw recruits. The army serjeant has a population of millions on whom to work by promises of bounty, and by the attractions of a military career. The class to whom a navy captain has to look for his crew is counted only by thousands, and it must, in the nature of things, be a comparatively slow process to tempt any large number to adopt a new and more adventurous service. We shall probably never be able safely to dispense with a numerous reserve force in some shape or other, on which to call in a moment of pressure; and all the suggestions made in the course of the recent debate point at some modification of this system.

Sir CHARLES NAPIER's proposal is what it always has been—a permanent Channel fleet; and we are not sure that we can dispense with this, the surest of all possible reserves. According to the sanguine Admiral, it would cost little in comparison with the advantages which it would secure. In order to add to the extent of the force without any corresponding increase of expense, he suggests that the marines might be sent on shore in time of peace to do garrison duty, and their places supplied by additional seamen on board the ships. If affairs became threatening, the marines would again go afloat, and relieve a large number of sailors who

would be available for other ships. At the same time the duties on shore would be performed by the militia embodied on the outbreak of war. Lord C. PAGET suggested other expedients based on the same principle as that which has been found so efficient in the present arrangements with respect to the Coast-guard—viz., that of keeping up a constant force of sailors, and employing them in ordinary times on duties from which they might on occasion be withdrawn. Without an extra shilling of expense, many thousands of navymen might be employed in the transport duties which now devolve exclusively on the mercantile marine. So, again, there is much of the work of the dockyards that could be advantageously done by men under engagement to serve when required on board the fleet. The objection to all these plans is, that you cannot ship off your Coast-guard without leaving smugglers unwatched, and that to rob the dockyards and the transports of men when they would be more wanted than ever, would be almost as bad as leaving the navy imperfectly manned. But the justification of such a system is furnished by the very fact which constitutes the real difficulty of the case. It is much more troublesome to find a new crew to man a ship of war than to get the same number of dockyard labourers, and any arrangement that would shift the difficulty from raising 1000 sailors to collecting 1000 labourers, would vastly increase the means at our disposal. The employment of Government transports would furnish a still readier resource, for experience has shown how rapidly a ready-manned transport fleet might be hired to do the work of the men who might be drafted into ships of war. Whether the ordinary transport service should be done by first-rates and frigates, or by a class of vessels appropriated to the service, is a question which it is not necessary to discuss. The only thing essential to Lord C. PAGET's plan is, that the sailors employed in this duty should be men fitted by training, and bound by the terms of their engagement to man the guns of the fleet when required.

We do not profess to decide whether one or another of these projects would be the most serviceable, or the least costly mode of manning the navy; but we are quite satisfied that by some—perhaps by all—of the expedients proposed by naval men, it will be possible to guard against that deficiency of sailors which has so often stood in the way of a suitable increase in our naval defences. We do not care to see an overwhelming fleet always in commission, provided we can depend upon the means of manning new ships as quickly as they may be wanted. The general concurrence in the motion of Sir CHARLES NAPIER for a Commission to investigate the subject may, we hope, be taken as an assurance that under no Government will the improvement of the navy be neglected. Without at all underrating the value of the steps which have been taken within the last few years, we are convinced that a much greater success may be attained by a steady perseverance in the course hitherto pursued, and by a hearty adoption of further improvements. To do Sir JOHN PAKINGTON justice, he has never failed to show himself alive to the difficulties which the long neglect of this subject has occasioned; and we hope that we may never see a First Lord of the Admiralty who will shrink from the duty of meeting such difficulties with energy and resolution. There is nothing in the case to baffle any one who grapples with it steadily; and whatever may be the precise plan to be preferred, there is no reason to doubt that means may be found to render the manning of the navy a less tedious and uncertain business than it has hitherto proved. With 180,000 men in our merchant navy, it would indeed be strange if we could not find out some way of maintaining a naval force always ample for the requirements of the country.

MILITARY TERRORISM IN FRANCE.

IT is a shallow and inadequate view of the late French duels to consider them as other than grave symptoms of a deep social disorder. Duelling belongs to a coarse and barbarous state of society; but social life in France is not barbarous. Manners are as polished, and the sense of right as keen, among our neighbours, as in other countries of high and refined civilization. Force, and repression, and material tyranny reign in the land, and military duels are only one form of the same influences which keep down whatever is noble and free-spoken in that great people. If men cannot talk and settle debateable questions by argument and free speech, they have recourse to the vulgar reasoning of

sword and pistol. In America, duels are very common in precisely the opposite social state to that which exists in France. But the contrast between American and French society is only apparent. The two countries present, in fact, only two forms of the same thing. Real public opinion—the supremacy of right reason—is entirely unknown in either; for the tyranny is the same, whether it be monarchical or demagogic. On whichever side a community diverges from the supremacy of law, it becomes despotic; and duels attend a weak and incapable state of law. Duelling is a protest against the Executive—it's frequency attests the insufficient hold of authority on public opinion.

In France, it seems that the military duellists by profession are a mere revival of the swashbucklers of the dramatists and the mohawks of a later era. They are terrorists of the vulgarest type. They run a muck against society. They only reproduce the ordinary insolence of the rufflers and ruffians who, in the good old times when there were neither magistrates nor police, poked the citizens for sport, and cut throats or slit noses on the slightest provocation. A standing army, especially if its officers are not educated, has always a tendency to this character of chartered lawlessness; and a Praetorian Guard never presented any other type. Janissaries and Streletz were always the curse of their respective capitals. A Government which only exists by military support engenders social desperadoes; and while France is what it is, its military officers will be a privileged class. CROMWELL's captains formed such a class; and the French colonels, in their recent vivacious and insolent appeals against England, exhibited the same Praetorian spirit which has just been displayed in a more scandalous form in the conspiracy of the sous-lieutenants against the French press. These men show what is inseparable from despotism—the existence of a military caste. And it will be difficult, if not impossible, for the Government to deal with these licensed bravoes. Not only does the EMPEROR owe his throne to the fidelity of the army, but the military terrorists only repeat his own policy. Their attacks on the liberty of the press are only copied from those of the Tuilleries itself. A public writer or speaker writes or speaks at the peril of banishment from the State or assassination from its myrmidons. The one authority issues its three warnings, the other launches its thirty challenges.

Besides the case of Lieutenant DE MEREY, sentenced to death for murder in a duel, the recent murder, as it appears but too likely to turn out, of M. DE PENE, a political writer, has aroused the attention of the French people to the ominous severity of Praetorian terrorism. M. DE PENE is a gentleman who writes in one of the Parisian comic journals, under the signature of "Nemo," a *sobriquet* which the lettered officers of France probably consider to be Greek, and, as such, in itself an insult. Like the Clerk of Chatham, M. DE PENE has committed the unpardonable offence, to the military mind, of employing a dead language. His jokes seem to be not only harmless, but very impersonal. He laughs at the braves of France only for an alleged breach of the minor morals of the *salons*. The head and front of his offending is a commonplace joke against officers, especially ensigns, who attend evening parties in full uniform, with long spurs and empty stomachs, and make equal havoc on the ladies' flounces and the refreshment-tables. He says that at a recent great party the absence of the sous-lieutenants was an immense improvement in point of social comfort. This very small joke fires the noble souls of the whole French army. Some thirty ensigns swear to have the joker's blood. He must fight them all in succession. Now this is neither more nor less than a conspiracy to murder. Anything more vile and cowardly than this plot it would be impossible to conceive. One COURTEZ is selected to send the first challenge, which M. DE PENE foolishly accepts, and wounds his antagonist. One of the seconds, a Sous-Lieutenant HYÈNE, renews the quarrel under circumstances of extreme brutality, insults DE PENE on the field, and runs him through the body. Another duel arises out of this horrid affair; and if it is allowed to go on, it can only issue in a war of extermination between the journalists and the officers. The quarrel becomes like one of the old Scottish clan fights—blood involves blood, and duel begets duel. It is *de règle* that the seconds must have it out with the victorious principals. The special gravity of the case consists in this—that it is an utter infringement even of the detestable and foolish code of honour. As a mere duellist, HYÈNE is guilty of murder. By the laws of honour, a contest is always at an end when one of the parties, as was the case with Sous-Lieutenant COURTEZ, declares himself satisfied. HYÈNE, in renewing the quarrel, insulted his

own principal and his brother seconds. It is said also that he wounded his antagonist a second time when falling.

The parallel of the case among ourselves would be if all the barristers in all the Inns of Court were to call out a writer in *Punch* for his typical character of Mr. Briefless. The writer in *Figaro* did not stigmatize either an individual or a regiment, or a particular branch of the service—he only levelled a grotesque and impalpable figment against an ideal ensign. The insult was of the most shadowy and bodiless character. But if, as is said, the first challenger was a relative of General ESPINASSE, and if the second bravo was an old fencing-master, of mature years and assured skill, the matter wears the gravest aspect. It can then only be regarded as showing a fixed resolution to impress on the whole mind of France that it is under martial law, with its worst accompaniments of military insolence, license, and terrorism. And the EMPEROR must either accept this state of things, or must compromise himself with his inconvenient allies and rulers. The matter cannot stop with the mere punishment of a single ruffian like HYÈNE. The alleged conspiracy of the thirty or forty banded assassins must be investigated, or social order is at an end in France. Either the Executive must peremptorily suppress this atrocity, or military terrorism will make itself felt more widely than in murdering comic journalists. Anyhow, the event has deeply stirred the French people; and if it only awakens patriotic sentiments as to the extent and severity of military aggression on social liberty, it will not be without its benefits. The way in which this matter is dealt with will show the power or the utter prostration of public opinion. Thus far, "justice" has contented itself with striking at the journal to which the unhappy victim of this murderous conspiracy was a contributor.

THE DERBY.

THERE is probably no subject of the kind which has exercised descriptive talent so much as the Derby. Year after year all the features of the journey to Epsom and back—of the course, and of the crowd—are laid before the public so minutely that nothing would be easier than to publish a common form, with blanks for the name of the winner, and variations to suit different states of the weather. Who does not know, as well as his own house, the road "literally thronged for miles with vehicles of every description, from the aristocratic four-in-hand to the humble cart of the costermonger?" Who cannot see in his mind's eye "the choicest specimens of England's aristocratic beauty discussing champagne and cold chicken with an appetite heightened by the bracing air of the Downs?" For those who see such sights for the first time, after the formation of habits which do not usually produce much sympathy with the special object to which the day is consecrated, the amusement consists to a great extent in observing what the conventional descriptions of the Derby Day really mean when they are translated into fact. The established commonplaces on the subject are, that the Derby throws a broad light on national character—that a foreigner who wanted to learn what English people really are could not go to a better school for the purpose—that for the same reason every native Englishman ought to see it at least once in his life—in short, that it is a sort of national institution, like *Magna Charta* and trial by jury, which demands and will repay careful study and meditation. Some such theory as this, Mr. Frith has very cleverly embodied in one of the most popular pictures of the present Royal Academy's Exhibition. Each of the numberless groups suggests its little lesson, and the study of the whole work furnishes us with scores of them. We must confess with shame that we cannot altogether subscribe to this opinion; but we make the confession not without a hope that it may tally with the real experience of a large proportion of our readers. We have always felt a certain sympathy with the character of No-Eyes, in *Evenings at Home*. There is already so much evidence in existence about the national character that we shrink with awe from the labour of ascertaining which, of several possible interpretations of the meaning and character of the Derby, may be the true one, and what would be the consequences of accepting it as such. Whatever may be the philosophical importance of the Derby, no one can doubt its social dignity. *Bell's Life* informs us that the fortunate winner "will have to a certain extent secured immortality to himself and animal," and the House of Commons, which decided that the press of private business required it to sit on Ascension Day, considered it a matter of course to suspend its decision as to the fate of the Ministry till the settlement of the question at issue respecting the future state of Lord Derby and Toxophilite.

Notwithstanding our very limited experience of races, and the Egyptian darkness under which we lie with respect to its professional mysteries, we think we may venture on the assertion that, to mere uninterested spectators, no Derby Day can have given greater enjoyment than Wednesday last. It was one of those days which enable us to understand how the month of May

obtained its conventional reputation, and why it is that schoolboys are set to write verses about the Spring. There was just one shower to lay the dust and freshen the grass—the air was absolutely free from haze, and the outline of every object was as clear, though not so harsh, as it would have been on a fine day in France. The west wind (which we believe will continue, in spite of Mr. Kingsley, to be a universal favourite) brought softness without clouds, and left the sun to shine out with that sort of liquid brilliancy which is perhaps seen in more perfection on a wide open down than it can possibly be in any situation where it is broken by the shadows of trees or buildings. On such a day, Epsom Downs would have been of themselves most beautiful. To say nothing of the exquisite elasticity of the turf, and the grand simplicity of outline which they possess in common with most of the chalk hills, they command a view to the south and west which only wants water to be fully equal to that prospect from Richmond, which no associations can vulgarize. The actors in the scene were admirably suited to the theatre. The enormous multitude, neatly and somewhat quaintly bisected by the course, conveyed no impression of crowding or discomfort. The undulations of the ground enabled every spectator to get a clear view of the half to which he did not belong, and to satisfy himself that, immense as the collection of people might be, there was abundant room for almost any conceivable addition to their numbers. In looking at the crowd as a whole, the individual features which distinguished it must of course be lost; but there is a strange and most characteristic sound which belongs to every great collection of holiday makers, and which would seem to be in some special manner appropriate to a race-course. We can only describe it by saying that it seems to be fully expressed, on a small scale, by every noisy group which surrounds a set of girl-singing Germansongs and playing on tambourines. It possibly does not become an unprofessional critic to speak of the great crowning glory of the day, but a man must have a strangely apathetic constitution whose interest in such a spectacle does not triumph at once over his ignorance of the details and his indifference to the result. To an unpractised eye, all the horses looked pretty much alike, and it must have given to such an observer a strange feeling of helplessness and ignorance to attempt to make any sort of conjecture as to their respective qualities, or to understand in the remotest degree the criticisms upon their action and appearance which were poured forth, with various degrees of confidence, by bystanders better instructed than himself. Whether or no it was prejudice or self-deception, we cannot tell, but it certainly seemed to us that when Toxopholite cantered past the stand he did use his hind legs in a manner peculiar to himself, throwing them forward to a very remarkable extent. This criticism, however, has no sort of pretension to originality, and inasmuch as the horse did not win we are quite in the dark as to its importance. The start was extremely pretty, and the reappearance of the cluster of figures looking hardly as big as a child's toys as they came into sight above the hill deserves the same epithet. The quick increase of interest as the horses rounded the corner, and their furious rush and desperate efforts as they dashed past the stand and up to the post—the first three close together, and the rest not far behind—formed a strangely exciting scene, and enabled the most indifferent observer to understand for a few seconds the feelings of the hundreds of spectators to whom what passed was not matter of amusement, but one of the gravest events of the year.

With regard to the features of the Epsom races which are usually described as so characteristic, we must, as we have already observed, admit that we cannot see the force of the common remark. Indeed, the most curious feature of last Wednesday's entertainment consisted in the slightness of the means of amusement afforded to such an enormous multitude. Throwing at sticks, and shooting at targets with a bow and arrows, almost exhausted the list; and there is nothing in such avocations which enables the human mind, or body either, to display any of its more marked characteristics in any very forcible manner. The same observation applies to the eating and drinking. Cold meat and wine are much the same in carriages as they are on tables, except that they are not in so convenient a situation. The manner in which a given person eats his luncheon may throw some light on his character; but it would be rude to stare at people during the whole of their meal, with a view to speculating on their behaviour, and a mere passing glimpse at several hundred persons employed in refreshing themselves is singularly uninstructive. There are, no doubt, a considerable number of blackguards on a race-course, and if it were possible to separate them from the respectable part of the crowd, it might be instructive to watch their features; but it would be by no means safe to conclude that every ill-looking man you meet at Epsom is a rogue whose appearance would justify profound reflections. It is always perfectly possible that the supposed rogue is an honest man, and that the mistake lies with the observer; but even if he were a real rogue, little in most cases is to be learnt by looking at him. Novelists and physiognomists may say what they please, but as a matter of fact few things are so curious as the complete impossibility in most cases of inferring a man's feelings from his appearance. Immobility, vacancy, indifference, a set habitual expression which alters in the slightest and most transient manner, and in a way which may mean anything or nothing—such are the characteristics of the great mass of countenances, and it is mere affectation to suppose that, by glancing over several thousands of them, any one will learn anything worth the learning. Let any one look round, after the winner of the

Derby has been proclaimed and thousands of pounds have changed hands, and he will see much what he would see if there were a stoppage in Fleet-street—a set of commonplace people, some smiling, some talking, but for the most part looking just as they always look. The pictures in which you have the lucky gambler, the ruined man, and the other appropriate characters are utterly unlike reality. Great physical pain or fatigue usually impresses a mark on the features, but we doubt whether in a majority of cases a mere stranger could tell from a passing look whether a man had just lost a fortune or just gained one—whether he was to be married, hanged, or made a peer.

Here and there, features appear which are marked enough to be curious, if not characteristic. The fellows who keep continually bawling out, half like auctioneers, half like field-preachers, "I'll bet on this race;" "I'll bet on the Derby;" "I'll bet against anything," present an odd and ugly spectacle. The immovable gravity with which they labour in their vocation curiously recalls Mr. Thackeray's remark, that there is a sort of sullen stolidity which is only to be seen on the turf or at the hulks; and, were it not a fair inference that where there is a supply there must be a demand, it would have seemed impossible that any one should be foolish enough to accept their offers. The admirable order and system with which so vast a crowd is managed is a more agreeable subject of contemplation. The Duke of Wellington's theory of the difficulty of getting some ludicrously small number of men out of Hyde Park would seem to be wonderfully well solved on Epsom Downs. No country in the world could show such a collection of human beings enjoying themselves with perfect quiet and order, and with no other supervision than that of a few hundred unarmed policemen. The whole show was a triumph of good sense and good humour.

We have already confessed our ignorance of the professional part of the proceedings; yet, with a laudable wish to enlighten ourselves, we examined what was written for our instruction in the oracles of the sporting world, but the study was both arduous and unrequited. Mr. Bell keeps three prophets, and they are all wrong. Two of them named Toxopholite as the winner, whilst the third (the most conspicuous of the three) preferred Fitz-Roland. The last-mentioned gentleman (who fills upwards of two columns under the signature of *Observer*), scrutinizes every horse which he considered to have a chance. His observations on the winner conclude thus:—"I don't see how Beadsman can be improved sufficiently to justify his being backed." Another prophet, who indulges in poetry, is rather more fortunate. Though, as—

The fruit of many an anxious night
My fixed opinion is Toxopholite,

he tells us, in rather a stumbling metre, about Beadsman, "who, I ween, will surely in the front rank be seen;" yet, he adds, "Eclipse can't win, by any possibility," because he ran a dead-heat with Beadsman, and "better than him he'll meet." It would seem that Dr. Cumming has his "analogues" on the turf.

GENERAL JACOB ON THE PROGRESS OF BEING.

"THE Progress of Being in the Universe" is a remarkable subject for any man to discuss under any circumstances; but that General Jacob, memorable for the Scinde Hora, for rifle shells, and for controversies with that *genus irritabile* the Napiers (which last step in universal progress is described in the pamphlet before us as "fighting with chimney-sweeps"), should correspond with a lady on such a subject, should find his reputation for orthodoxy seriously damaged by privately circulating his letters, and should feel himself bound to publish them for his own vindication—these are portents which almost rise to the dignity of signs of the times. Our attention has of late been so much occupied with the heroic side of Indian life that we have almost forgotten that it has a petty aspect. General Jacob's pamphlet unpleasantly recalls the fact. There is something at once painful and ludicrous in the spectacle of a controversy, which must of necessity be utterly unfruitful, between one of the most distinguished officers in India and the European clergy resident there upon the fundamental doctrines of religious belief. General Jacob, it seems, wrote a series of letters to a lady, which, in their collected form, constitute the pamphlet before us. The letters were thought sufficiently interesting to be printed for private circulation. Hereupon a variety of communications were addressed to their author, in which he was charged with attempting to force his views into circulation, and to corrupt the minds of every young man brought in his way, and was called upon to give the letters to the world, and so submit them to public criticism. He at last answered these demands by the publication of the pamphlet before us, in which he indignantly denies the charge of proselytism, and declares that he made no attempt whatever to force the letters into circulation. General Jacob prints one of the letters which he received, and it certainly enables us to form a pretty strong conjecture that he must be undergoing that kind of petty martyrdom with which the *odium theologicum* is accustomed to afflict the minority in all small societies; yet we cannot but regret that he should have thought himself bound to keep up the quarrel by publishing his pamphlet. If he had contented himself with disproving the public offence with which he was charged, the matter must have fallen to the ground in due course of time. As it is,

he certainly gives his antagonists as good as they bring. Nothing can exceed the audacity and violence with which he states his views. For example, common religious opinions are described generically as "their idols, their prayers, and their miserable ceremonies; their traditions and their Sacred writings of old Fukkeers." Again, "If priests or other poor people assail you, and call you 'infidel,' &c., grieve not; remember that our priests are hired to rail at those who refuse to accept their drivels as divine truth." "The most enormous evil which ever existed in the world is the Church of England joined to the State"—a greater evil, we suppose, than Thuggee, infanticide, or human sacrifices.

This kind of language cannot be justified by any amount of malice, misrepresentation, or stupidity. We have a great respect for General Jacob, and very little for the common run of popular theologians—especially when they intrude into private affairs; but it grieves us to see language like this used by a gallant soldier and first-rate administrator. If we wanted further proof of the necessity which exists for preaching reserve and moderation upon theological subjects to all persons connected with the Government of India, we should find it in the transaction recorded by this pamphlet. We cannot believe that there was any substantial ground for supposing that General Jacob was really guilty of abusing his position by making it an instrument for spreading his views; and we are therefore forced to conclude that, at the very crisis of the fate of our Indian Empire, the local clergy on the one hand, and General Jacob on the other, thought it wise and right to give and accept a challenge to discuss questions upon which they can throw no new light whatever, and which involve nothing less than the whole structure of religion and morality. What must be the conclusions of the natives, when they learn that the European clergy look upon one of the most vigorous of our proconsuls as being many degrees worse than the most benighted worshipper of Buddha or Brahma, whilst he on the other hand considers their opinions as nothing more than "Paganism slightly altered," and the existence of the church to which they belong as a greater enormity than the worship of Juggernaut? Of General Jacob's assailants we can only say, that their conduct in exciting such a controversy at such a time justifies the bitter sarcasm of the warmest friend the clergy ever had. "I have always found," said Lord Clarendon, "that no men were so unfit for the conduct of affairs as the clergy." As to General Jacob, he ought to have known better. Whatever may be the truth about the Church of England and Christianity, no provocation can justify a public officer in making a public attack upon either the one or the other at such a time and place. If he had replied to his assailants by a denial that he had ever abused his position for proselytizing purposes, and an indignant refusal to discuss the questions at issue between them and himself in the presence of the common enemy, he would have occupied an invulnerable position. As it is, he has placed himself in one which those who admire his public career cannot but be the first to regret.

General Jacob's pamphlet is little more than a restatement of the theory of the author of the *Vestiges of Creation*. According to him, at an indefinitely distant epoch the material of the solar system was dispersed through all space. After a time, the force of attraction whirled it into globes, which globes by degrees consolidated, evolving heat as they condensed. At this point crystals began to form, according to the law of polarity—a form of magnetism. The earth, being in this polarized state, gradually crystallized under the influence of light, heat, &c. Ultimately this produced combustion, whence came carbonic acid gas, and also water. The carbonic acid and the water also crystallized, forming simple organic cells, which, being joined, formed tubes, and thus ultimately vegetables—the life of the vegetables consisting of the united polar currents of the tubes of which they are composed. This vegetation set free much oxygen, whereby the vegetable cells became converted into animal cells, whence, in due course of time arose a variety of animals, and ultimately man. The brains of the higher orders of animals secreted courage, anger, love, &c., and man's brain elaborated by a similar process good and noble thoughts, and many other things. So long as the individual life is "completely governed by the general life-current of the whole body," all is well; but "the instant a cell ceases to obey, to follow, to live by the general law of the life of the whole to which it belongs, it ceases to be a part of a living being of a higher order than itself. It is now a HYDATID—a foreign body—a disease." Hence come good and evil, but the highest step in our development (though its nature is not physically explained) is consciousness. "Man is a particle which has attained to that stage of existence at which consciousness of the general LAW of being, of the existence of a mighty whole to which he belongs, commences." This consciousness, together with the other "imponderables" secreted by the brain—such as "causality, conscientiousness, benevolence, veneration, ideality, &c.—are as much parts of men's persons as are bones and muscles," says General Jacob, in small capitals. The conclusion is, that we ought to "habitually identify ourselves with and especially exercise and cultivate that portion of our being which we find to lead us eternally towards reason, justice, charity, holiness, and beauty, and wheresoever these are we shall live." Thus a good man is, as it were, the crown and flower of all progress from the time when there was nothing but particles and polarity up to the present day. We are incidentally informed that Christianity

is all a mistake, and is indeed merely slightly "altered paganism." This conclusion is founded "on reading and study," and a list is given of such of the books from which it was formed as remain in General Jacob's possession. We forbear to criticise the list, for we do not wish to ridicule a gallant soldier.

Our readers will see at once that, in so far as it relates to physical science, General Jacob's pamphlet is a mere restatement of a very well known theory. We need not point out the objections to its reception. We should rather like to be told why, at the end of the vegetable stage of the process described, the oak trees did not develop into sea-anemones, which would seem to have been their proper course; and we have some curiosity to know what is the difference between the aggregate number of cells which put together make up a man, and the man himself, and to learn how, if there is no difference, that remarkable "imponderable" called "consciousness," is secreted from a quantity of atoms in which it does not exist. It is, however, no great sacrifice to suppress a curiosity which is certain to be disappointed.

The use which General Jacob makes of his theory is better worth attention than the merits of the theory itself, for we cannot remember to have ever met with more singular illustration of the onesidedness and rashness with which even persons of undoubted ability are apt to theorize in the present day upon the most important subjects. General Jacob appears to agree with his critics in supposing that his views are totally incompatible with belief in Christianity; but the fact is, that he has jumbled together two trains of thought, which, though they are often confounded, are nevertheless essentially distinct, and involve a distinction which it is of the first importance to bear in mind in all such speculations. The theory of development appears to us to be, to say the least, altogether unproved. If it were freed from many obvious objections, it would still be no more than a more or less ingenious conjecture, resting upon hypotheses so enormously wide as to amount to something very like a *petitio principii*, and involving the use of that most inexact and deceptive metaphor which calls mere uniformity of operation a "law," and then invests the uniformity with an inherent energy—a fallacy equivalent to that of saying (to use the phrase of a contemporary), "that the pattern weaves the cloth, or that the Nautical Almanack regulates the tides." If, however, the theory in question were entirely true, it would leave our moral and religious position as it found it. It would not be inconsistent even with a revelation; and the truth or falsehood of any system claiming to be a revelation would, upon that hypothesis, be as much a question of fact and evidence as it is now.

The theory of development claims to give an account of the manner in which man and nature came into existence, and to show that the steps of the process were regular and consecutive. Religion and morality address themselves to men as they are, and tell them of their duties and prospects. Whether or not, before men existed, certain other things, more or less resembling them, existed in a certain order, is a question which appears to us totally irrelevant to that which relates to the nature of their present position. No one ever supposed that his responsibilities or his prospects, here or hereafter, are in the least degree affected by the fact that he is, in a certain sense, identical with the ovum and the fetus from which his existing body was developed; and if this be so, what difference can it make to him whether or not, millions and billions of years ago, certain half-rational baboons existed from whom his descent may be conjecturally traced? To attempt to refute or to establish any theological system by studying the *modus operandi* in creation, is like trying to find out the time of day by studying clock-making. There is nothing that we know of to prevent the most devout Christian from accepting the theory of development if he pleases. The questions which it raises upon the common interpretation of the Mosaic chronology are by no means peculiar to it, but arise equally upon any scheme of geology; and even the extravagant positions of General Jacob, if rigidly and consistently adhered to, produce not only no unorthodox conclusions, but literally no new conclusions whatever. It seems to us extremely absurd to talk of the brain secreting benevolence; but provided a man goes on to recognise the doctrine, that if, by reason of the insufficiency of that secretion, a man mutinies, or robs, or murders, certain other brains will and ought to proceed to secrete indignation, and to send down electric currents into the corresponding hands, which will cause them to tie ropes into nooses, and put the nooses round the necks afflicted with the deficiency in question, and thereby elevate the heads, necks, and bodies from the ground till the vital stream permanently ceases to secrete consciousness, we do not know that it much matters. So long as a man recognises good and evil as such, and believes that here and hereafter the choice of the one and the avoiding of the other is the one thing needful, it makes no sort of difference whether he calls evil a HYDATID or any other name which is particularly satisfactory and intelligible to himself. The choice of a phraseology is really very much a matter of taste. By taking up half of one theory and half of another, no doubt the worst results will follow. If a man believes that matter cannot have a conscience, and that nothing exists except matter, no doubt he eliminates conscience from the world. But if he stretches his definition of matter in such a way as to include conscience, he is guilty at most of a singular use of language. Habit, education, and, above all, loose modes of talking and thinking, are, however, so all-

powerful, that such theories are always imperfectly applied, and do, in practice, much harm. The attempt to mould all one's thoughts into a form so inconceivably strange and clumsy as that which is furnished by the machinery of cells, hydatids, polarity, and the rest, is in reality hopelessly impossible, and General Jacob fails in it ludicrously. He tacitly and unconsciously assumes, throughout the whole of his pamphlet, principles borrowed from the system which he disavows. It is obvious, for example, that by studying modes of succession, nothing can be obtained except modes of succession. All existence resolves itself into a certain set of antecedents and consequents, necessarily connected together. How can such studies give any principle of selection? What is the meaning, in this system, of such words as good and evil, right and wrong? The corresponding ideas belong to an entirely different system. If they are translated into the language which General Jacob wishes us to talk, he must translate all the other notions which are connected with them into the same language. He will have to find equivalents, according to the same theory, for conscience, guilt, punishment, reward, and the like; and if so, he will have effected nothing more than the translation of familiar into unfamiliar phraseology. This might or might not be an improvement, but it would leave human belief and conduct precisely where it found them.

This observation receives additional confirmation from every attempt which General Jacob makes to reduce his theory to practice. He tells us that we shall rise in the scale of Being, and not in that of Appearance, if we adopt his views—as if rising were not a mere metaphor, and as if it mattered two straws whether, in any strict sense of the word, people "rise" or "fall," or are "hydatids" or "cells" in such a system as this. He also says that, in point of fact, this has been the case with wild tribes on whom he has tried experiments. Does he really think that the special purport of Christianity is to make people scribes, Pharisees, and hypocrites, or that he is the first person who ever adopted the motto, *Esse quam videri?* If he were the very best kind of Christian, he might have constructed rifle shells, organized irregular cavalry, and administered the affairs of Beloochistan just as well as he does at present; and he would, in the opinion of all reasonable men, have been bound to do his duty in that state of life (and we firmly believe that he has in many respects discharged it most nobly) by all the strongest considerations which can apply to any human conduct whatever. The theory of development could do no more, and with the vast majority of men it would have operated in quite another way.

COLONEL BAIRD SMITH AT DELHI.

THE two great events of the Indian revolt are the relief of Lucknow and the taking of Delhi. The 800 Englishmen, and women and children, who were rescued by Sir Colin Campbell from the Residency which had been so long and so gallantly defended by Colonel Inglis—the painful anxiety of the English people as to their deliverance—the daring efforts of Sir Henry Havelock to save them, and the perfect success of Sir Colin Campbell in carrying his masterly plan of operations into effect—have already secured for that General and his chief of the staff the honour which is due to them. But the taking of Delhi is a different matter. No doubt General Archdale Wilson has received the thanks of Parliament, a baronetcy, and a pension for that achievement. Still, there are other men who contributed to accomplish that splendid result, whose names are scarcely ever mentioned by their countrymen. To take a great city with inadequate means is no easy task; but it is a task the difficulty of which can scarcely be appreciated by the general public. It is not surprising, therefore, that the details of so scientific an exploit should be little understood in this country. But we confess it does appear somewhat remarkable that the story should not be thoroughly understood so near the scene of action as Lucknow. No doubt Mr. W. Russell, the Correspondent of the *Times* in India, is in the camp at Lucknow, hears all the camp gossip, and, although he may be imperfectly instructed in the plans of the Commander-in-Chief, relates faithfully the general opinion of military men as to the services of those who have taken part in the Indian exploits of the last twelve months. According to him, however, Captain Taylor of the Engineers is the officer who deserves the credit of having taken Delhi. Those, indeed, who have read the admirable despatch of Colonel Baird Smith, the chief Engineer, which appeared in the *Gazette* some six months ago, will at once recognise that this is an obvious mistake. But the public do not read the *Gazette*, and therefore it is not surprising that the friends of Colonel Baird Smith should be anxious to correct the misapprehension. Accordingly, some friend of the Colonel has published a private letter of that officer, containing not only a graphic account of the plan of attack, but other important facts which seem to prove that his share in that brilliant achievement was even more considerable than has been generally imagined.

It will be remembered that Colonel Baird Smith was suddenly called upon to assume the command of the Engineers before Delhi. It was the beginning of July, 1857. Though suffering from ill-health, he was nevertheless summoned to supersede another officer. He reached General Barnard's camp on the 4th of July, having ridden fifty-four miles without a halt. His idea was that, as soon as he arrived, the assault would be delivered. But the assault was postponed, and, indeed, the attempt at the

time seemed impossible. Though the number of effective men amounted to 6000, the English General had only thirteen guns and six mortars—of which there were only two twenty-four pounders. Not only had the enemy an overwhelming mass of troops, and some thirty guns besides mortars, but the ammunition of our camp would only supply one-third of a day's firing. To attack a great city like Delhi, uninvested, and seven miles in circuit, with such artillery, and then to deliver an assault, was clearly impracticable. The only plan which could be attempted with any chance of success was an escalade, and in favour of this there were many reasons. The Infantry amounted to 3500 admirable troops, eager to be led against the rebels. The walls were only sixteen feet high. There was cover close up to the ditch. It had practically no counterscarp. Instead of a perpendicular wall on its outer side, there was nothing but a slope of earth, down which a man might descend into the ditch with the utmost facility. Under the circumstances, Colonel Baird Smith declares that the town might have been escaladed; and indeed he asserts that the attempt would certainly have been made had not General Barnard died of cholera. That officer was succeeded by General Reed, who was in his turn succeeded by General Archdale Wilson. In the meantime, several severe actions had been fought with the rebels. That attack by escalade which seemed possible on the 4th of July had become impossible by the 14th. Matters were by this time seriously compromised. Men began to doubt whether it would be possible for our troops to hold their ground. It was suggested to cross over to the left bank of the Jumna (Delhi stands on the right), and to wait for reinforcements from the South. No proposition to this effect appears to have been formally made; but Colonel Baird Smith, assuming that it would be made, at once opened his mind to the Commander of the Forces. This was indeed the great crisis. The man who, amid so terrible a convulsion, would dare "to hold his grip of Delhi like grim death," as he expresses it, was a man of no ordinary capacity. He pointed out to the Commander that the communications of the army were still open, that his supplies were ample, and that the troops enjoyed admirable health. There was therefore no danger as yet. On the other hand, he showed the moral effect of a retrograde movement. There were resources in the north, if Sir John Lawrence could only have time to send them down. The position of the English army might be secured against every assault. Delhi, besieged, acted as a nucleus, to which all the rebels concentrated from every quarter. The moral superiority still possessed by the English troops, would, by a retreat, be at once transferred to the rebels. These arguments prevailed. Sir Archdale Wilson determined to hold his ground. In the meantime, Colonel Baird Smith made every preparation for the approaching siege. The siege train was forwarded from the north. In six weeks he had fifty-six guns in battery. The place was never invested—the rebels were always in a position to obtain reinforcements from the country round. The side attacked was the wall run at right angles down the right bank of the Jumna. On the 8th of September, three batteries were begun: one to destroy the Moree Bastion, which commanded the Cashmere Gate, and which would by its guns have prevented any troops advancing. A second battery was placed so as to tear down the parapet on either side of the Cashmere Gate—placed between the Moree Bastion and the river. The third battery was placed so as to destroy the Water Bastion, close to the river. A fourth battery of mortars was placed behind the second and third, so as to clear the part of the town immediately behind the breaches. The plan was to deliver the assault as soon as the breaches were declared practicable. Possession would thus be obtained of a commanding corner of the town, within the walls, flanked and protected on one side by the river. Once in possession of this, it was hoped that the town might be gradually carried, or that, at all events, the ramparts of the city would at once fall into our hands. Such being the plan, the batteries were completed upon the 12th of September. Next day the breaches were declared practicable, and the mortars had succeeded in destroying the cover sufficiently to enable the troops, after mounting the breach, to hold their ground. On the 14th, the assault was delivered, and a firm footing was established. A third of the city was in possession of the English General, and in five days more the enemy—consisting of not less than 20,000 men—had fled. Thus was Delhi taken.

The celerity with which the arrangements were made, and the plan executed, shows that the officer in command thoroughly knew his business, and had maturely weighed and prepared himself for every contingency. As Colonel Baird Smith says, "Defeat to us would have been a terrible disaster—defeat to the enemy was death to their cause." This is the point of view in which the taking of Delhi ought to be regarded, and this is the test to apply in order to estimate the merit of Colonel Baird Smith.

MUSIC.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

THE new Opera House, which has for the last month or two been visibly advancing towards completion with a rapidity quite astonishing, was actually opened on Saturday evening, the day which had been announced from the first for that ceremony.

Extraordinary efforts must no doubt have been made to fulfil the engagement which had been entered into, and the successful achievement of this feat is a striking illustration of the perfection to which mechanical skill has been brought, and of the certainty with which its results may be calculated. The interior of the house, so far as it meets the public eye, is complete, though exhibiting perhaps some marks of the haste with which the decorations have been added. The arrangements of the stalls are of a highly comfortable description—the seats roomy and spacious enough to satisfy the utmost exigencies of crinoline. This, however, has been effected by the sacrifice of the pit, which is reduced to the smallest possible compass. The old system of boxes is retained in all its intensity. We had, indeed, heard something of an arrangement by which every individual in the house was to be able to see the stage, and all that goes on there. But this now appears to have been a myth, at least so far as applies to the boxes. One feature of the house is the extreme airiness of the upper part, and apparently the convenience and comfort of the sitters in the galleries have been sufficiently provided for.

The opera chosen for the inauguration of the theatre was Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*, of which three acts were got through on Saturday night—the fourth being commuted for the National Anthem, ostensibly to avoid trespassing upon Sabbath hours, but, as some suspect, for a more invincible reason, namely, the want of a few churches, squares, and public buildings necessary to the due performance of the massacre of the Huguenots, and which the scene painters, less energetic than the masons, had not yet brought to completion. However, on Tuesday evening, when the opera was repeated, every difficulty had been surmounted, and the piece was brought to its legitimate close. The cast comprises Madame Grisi and Signor Mario, Madlle. Marai, Madlle. Nantier Didiée, Signori Tagliavico and Polonini, and Herr Zelger. Of the first two ancient popular favourites we may say that they are in as good voice as they were last season, and if time has made inevitable inroads, which it is impossible entirely to conceal, still all that art and the highest culture can do to veil deficiencies is done. Madlle. Marai is a most efficient Queen Margaret, and is thoroughly mistress of the beautiful music of the second act. Madlle. Nantier Didiée is a most valuable page, singing the song "No! no! no!" with great success. This piece demands an extraordinary compass of voice, and a great perfection of the lowest notes in the contralto scale. Although Madlle. Didiée's voice is not of an exceptional character, she contrives to execute the passages in question with much fluency and effect.

Herr Zelger is a rather heavy specimen of a Marcel, but sings his part like a good musician. The orchestra, under the conduct of Signor Costa, maintains its ancient character for efficiency, and the most finished and delicate rendering of the instrumental accompaniments, to which the compositions of M. Meyerbeer owe so much of their effect. That many-headed, many-voiced entity, the chorus, does not seem quite to understand its position yet on its new stage, and the Ratsplan and Consecration of Poniards did not go off to general satisfaction.

THE WATER-COLOUR EXHIBITIONS.

THE OLD SOCIETY.

THE two Societies of Painters in Water-Colours come before the world this season in their fifty-fourth and twenty-fourth annual exhibitions, respectively. Both displays are of average merit and interest. There is nothing strikingly good or original, and little strikingly bad, in either of them, either in design or in execution. You may tell a picture of nearly every well-known name at a glance, by the mannerism of its subject or method. There seems to be a steady demand on the part of the public for showy bright furniture pictures, and the general run of artists, pretty sure of an easy sale for their works, are content with stupid repetition and dull mediocrity. The more honour to the few who throw their heart and mind into their work.

The Old Society, under the presidency of Mr. F. Tayler, exhibits 329 pictures. The most notable of Mr. Tayler's own paintings is the spirited scene called "Otter-hunting in the Highlands—crossing a ferry—from the pack of the Duke of Atholl" (132). It has plenty of dash and life, and is a thorough sporting piece. Mr. David Cox, Senior, abounds in Welsh scenes. In all of them we note his genius and profound feeling, displayed with a hurry and strangeness which, but for genius, would be chargeable as confirmed mannerism. "Snowdon, from Capel Curig" (15), is remarkable for breadth and power. And we must speak with praise of the ability of his "Pont-Gyfny" (146), and "Penmaen Bach" (147)—though neither of them is, to the mere outward eye, an agreeable picture. Two scenes from Rhyl (278 and 316), are daring mementoes of the effect of a sea haze. Mr. Carl Haag is this year as vigorous as ever, and it is difficult to choose between his numerous and striking contributions. His "Tyrolean Carrier" (19) is capital, and fully as good as the "Bürgermeister's Tochter of Salzburg" (23). The group of peasants kneeling in prayer before a rude wayside shrine in the "Sabine Hills" (126), is a real touch of nature; and the patches of snow still lying in drifts and clefts on the hill tops, lend reality to the scene as the artist saw it. Then, again, how firm the hand in the "Tyrolean Huntsman and Mountain Girl" (191), and in the "Chamois Hunter" (204). Mr. Haag contributes several other specimens of Tyrolean or Italian life and

character. We hope that he will, another year, go elsewhere for some, at least, of his subjects; and we wish, rather than hope, that he would add to the peculiar strength and accomplishment of his style that unlaboured grace and directness of perception which is the soul of instinctive art. A progressive artist must constantly draw fresh inspirations from nature. The sketch-book, however well-filled, is no substitute for the actual life which the figure painter aims at portraying.

From Mr. George Fripp we have numerous specimens of his own peculiar style. There is force and power in the sunset light of "The Castle Rock, Linton" (8). His other scenes are from all quarters—from the Wye; Ben Cruachan from Inverlochy; a bold Perthshire sketch from near Loch Rannoch (66); a tame home scene from near Southend (122); a skilful drawing of the Church of St. Gaudenzio, Novara (156), an unacknowledged subject in the "Deer Forest in the Isle of Jura" (74), and other scraps of coast or hill landscape. Mr. Alfred Fripp draws his inspirations almost exclusively from the South. His mid-day effect—"The Maddolina and Church of San Rocco, Olivano" (37) is somewhat crude, yet clearly grasped. Still better is the "Evening on the Abruzzi" (101), though it is somewhat spoilt by the pretty languishing boy figure, dressed for the ballet, which is introduced in the foreground. His only English scene, "The Camp Sentinel" (321)—which is a little girl standing by a gipsy tent—is hardly a success.

English scenery of the quieter sort from the valley of the Thames finds a skilful exponent in Mr. W. C. Smith; and he pays an artist's homage to the Lynn rocks in his "Bridge at Lynton" (143). He is less at home in his "Sunrise on Maggiore" (100); but the "Lausanne, Lake of Geneva" (157) is meritorious; and still more successful is his painstaking "Isola di San Giulio, Lago d'Orta" (167). We find some real poetry of design as well as facility of execution in Mr. S. P. Jackson's "Dead Calm—Far at Sea" (1); and the same artist's "Mont Orgueil, Jersey, Midday" (65) has got—what is wanting in so many landscapes here—a real atmosphere. Two of his Lake views also, "Sty Head Tarn—Early Morning" (72) and "Ullswater—Evening" (73) should not be overlooked. "The Watering Place" (12), by Mr. P. J. Nafel might be accused of crudeness. His other scenes, chiefly taken from the Channel Islands, are not, save in an exceptional instance here and there, very remarkable. Mr. W. Callow utterly fails to give the real effect of the queen-city of the Adriatic in his cold prim "Piazzetta, Venice" (4); but there is truth of expression in the cool sea mist which envelopes his other Venetian picture of "San Giorgio" (60). In his "Leaning Towers of Bologna" (104), and his "Rouen from the banks of the Seine" (154), there is little to recall to any one who knows the actual places the real effect of the originals. His market-sketch from Verona (198) is, however, honestly treated and is by no means unsuccessful. Mr. John Callow's productions are tame. The result of careful study in time past, though now conventionally worked up, may be traced in the works of Mr. C. Branwhite. Note, for instance, the glow of light in which he has bathed his "Moel Siabod, from the Llwyd" (20), and the rich fulness and depth of his "Shady Nook on the Lynn" (111). He gives us also some pleasing views from the banks of the Thames. One of the most ambitious pictures in the room is Mr. E. Duncan's "Morning after the Gale" (30). This work bears evidence of much thought and feeling, and the sea and sky and shipping are agreeably and conscientiously rendered. "A Winter Scene—Carting Ice" (112), also by Mr. Duncan, strikes us as being very true to nature. Mr. Richardson's pictures next invite our notice. "Como" (22) and "Naples" (185), are very cleverly, if not very faithfully painted; but there is exaggeration in his "Roman Peasants resting, near Naples" (133). Of his English landscapes we mark a striking view of "Ben Nevis" (253). "On the Coast at St. Leonard's" (273) is a meritorious study of driving surf; but the foam-sud from the crested breakers is sadly heavy and material. One of those magical effects of light which the enchantress Nature occasionally vouchsafes to her votaries on the shores of Como or Maggiore, has been vigorously attempted by Mr. W. Evans in his "Gates at the Villa Sommariva" (29). He is a powerful and individual colourist, with much largeness of perception, and of great promise. Contrast with this Italian glow the stern austerity of our most solemn Cumbrian lake, "Wastwater" (57), by the same artist. Mr. Gastineau must have a word of praise for his view of "Carlingford Abbey" (36), and partially for his "Salzburg" (92), and his "Near Innsbruck" (106). A moonlight view of "Ben Nevis" (68) by Mr. A. P. Newton, may be noticed as a happy conceit; and there is considerable promise in his "Declining Day—View in Argyllshire" (197). It is a striking and beautiful rendering of mountain form, made more impressive by the setting sun, which glows on the summit of Ben Nevis with almost eastern fervour, harmonizing with the luminous blue sky fading into pale twilight. But Mr. Newton has neglected the foreground, which prevents the mountain looking as distant as it really is. "The Entrance to the Caledonian Canal" (145)—a good subject—is, however, rather wooden in its treatment. Mr. Collingwood has shown, in his "Matterhorn Zermatt, Switzerland" (55), rather the arduousness of its subject than its vastness and awfulness. Two other pictures, not up to his mark in interest, bear the name of this artist—No. 93, in which Nelson, as the victor of the Nile, is seated in full uniform in a room at Yarmouth, undergoing a speech from a civic functionary in costume, while a painter

draws his portrait; and No. 152, which represents King Charles I. and Bishop Juxon, in a room at Cotele, receiving a messenger from Marston Moor.

Turning from landscape, the more peculiar domain of the water-colour painter, back to the region of life and manners, we find little besides to commend in the exhibition. Mr. Oakley's "Fortune Telling—There's luck in the cup" (11), is mediocrity itself; while his "Gipsy" (67), is simply vulgar. "La Blançisseuse" (75) will have a certain class of admirers. Where is the humour, we ask, in such a picture as Mr. H. P. Rivière's "A Long Story, with neither Head nor Tail to it" (79)? Mr. John Gilbert's "Speed reading Launce's Love Letter" (294) is the careless failure of a very able man, and is far from pleasing as a composition.

Almost the only attempt at the higher range of ideal art has been made by Miss Margaret Gillies. Her chief work is the scene from the *Faerie Queen* (169), where Una has snatched the dagger from the suicidal hand of the Red Cross Knight in the Cavern of Despair. There is some sentiment in this composition, and adequate skill in the manipulation. But the pose of the group is somewhat too forced and theatrical, and there is a certain stiffness and hesitancy, so to say, in the design. It deserves, however, careful attention, in virtue of the aspiration which it indicates. Another of this lady's pictures, entitled "Reading an old Romance" (215), lies more open to the charge of affectation. Her "Eastern Mother" (223) is pretty enough, though lacking reality.

Architectural drawing is so suitable to the water-colour process that we wonder this branch of art has not more representatives in the present gallery. Mr. Nash sustains his reputation by one or two conscientious works. But we cannot help thinking that his "Tomb of Edward the Black Prince" (39), while it is an example of patient drawing, has missed the special tone of colour that distinguishes the shrine at Canterbury, and wants both aerial space and perspective. Better and more picturesque is his skilfully conceived interior of the South Transept of the same cathedral (82), as it might have appeared in the fifteenth century, with a group of pilgrims mounting the steps on their way to the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket. Mr. Burgess contributes numerous architectural drawings of somewhat unequal merit. Of the more successful specimens, we may name his "Spire and Church of St. Germain at Auxerre" (28), taken from the river, and his "Transept and Stonemason's-yard at Sens" (44)—the latter a very spirited sketch. Less good is his view of that most difficult of all buildings to depict, the "Hôtel de Ville of Louvain" (115). In his "Romanesque Church and Clock-tower at Avallon, Burgundy" (168 and 170), Mr. Burgess has exhumed an architectural curiosity. Another architectural draughtsman, Mr. S. Read, is not very happy in his view of "Roslyn Chapel" (97). His other work, "St. Lorenzo, Genoa" (211), is striking. Mr. Holland is scarcely more proficient in his architecture than in his Italian, in what the catalogue calls "Gesuiti Chiesa ovvero S. Maria del Rosario" (151), without saying where the church is; but his view of "Venice" (255) is broad and manly in its drawing. Few architectural scenes afford more scope for a painter than the piazza before the church of St. John and St. Paul at Venice. Mr. E. A. Goodall (128) has not made the most of the opportunity. And his "Rialto" (138), another Venetian scene, looks as if it were under the exhausted receiver of an air-pump.

In Fruit-pieces, Mr. W. Hunt remains without a rival for exquisite colour and delicate texture. Witness his marvellous "Dish of Fruit" (32), with its transparent grapes, its velvet-cheeked peaches, and the inimitable bloom on its plums. Still more beautiful, perhaps, are a pair of pictures on the last screen, representing "Wild Flowers" (298) and "A Branch of May" (327). In each of these there is a bird's-nest with eggs, painted with extraordinary refinement. Effectively finished also are Mr. V. Bartholomew's "Fruit" (49) and "Flowers" (192). Miss M. Harrison contributes a pair of Fruit and Flower pieces (281, 291), which are spirited, but rather coarsely coloured.

Upon the whole, then, the present exhibition is satisfactory enough, if not highly encouraging. The process employed is carried, by the more proficient artists, to a high degree of perfection: there is none among them at present, however, whose powers would induce us to counsel the attempt to pursue any higher range of art in this medium. But we wish to see, among the *peintres en aquarelle*, a healthy and manly imitation of nature; and there is ample room for true and original humour and sentiment in the scenes of home life. It is highly creditable to the older Society of Painters in Water-Colours that there is no attempt in their exhibition to pander to the lower tastes of the shop-window or the furnished lodging.

THE NEW SOCIETY.

THE younger Society of Painters in Water-colours, numbering more than fifty artists, have contributed considerably more than three hundred pictures to their Exhibition of this year. Of these there are many which do not rise above the lowest level of easy mediocrity; nor are the better works quite up to the calibre of those exhibited by the older and more exclusive body. By far the most salient picture in the Gallery is one of those by the President, Mr. H. Warren. It describes "The Song of the Georgian Maiden" (182), from Moore's *Light*

of the Harem. In mass of colour—were that the whole thing needful—it goes far to rival Mr. J. F. Lewis' great picture of some years ago. Conceive a palace, luxuriant with the most gorgeous tropical plants, as crowded as in the Kew hothouses, in which, amidst a bevy of dark Indian beauties, reclining in varied attitudes of indolent voluptuousness, sits "the Imperial Selim" in moody inattention to the postures and song of the fair Georgian slave who occupies the central point of the composition. The whole is a glowing vision of Oriental sensualism. We have flashing eyes, rounded limbs, the broadest contrast of the Caucasian and Eastern types of female beauty, in a whirl of bright shawls, rich embroideries, blazing jewellery, pearl-braided and medal-braided tresses, and costly fruits, flowers, salvers, and furniture. Without denying the ability and attractiveness of this picture, we must seriously question its moral purpose. It would have been well to afford some relief from this picture of unbridled luxury by some significant suggestion of its hollowness and bitterness. Some such hint may, perhaps, be found in the gloomy and abstracted countenance of the monarch; but, if the subject is at all expedient for artistic treatment, the bye-play of the veiled Nourmahal might have been made more prominent, and have given a somewhat healthier tone to the painting. Mr. Warren contributes two other less important works. Of these the "Bargain with the Guide" (308)—a group of an Arab chief being chaffered with by two turbaned figures—is truthful enough, but as prosaic and obviously commonplace as possible.

The best bits of landscape in the Gallery are two little sunny English views by Miss Fanny Steers, thoroughly charming and artistlike. We may next select Mr. Whymper from among the landscapists. There is feeling and poetry in his "Home of the Sea Fowl, The Bass Rock, Early Summer's Morning" (18). The haze, the glare on the still sea, and the air and sky are well given. We pass over some ordinary trees and architectural scraps to come to his "Thames at Maidenhead" (98), which, though somewhat unreal, has conspicuous merits. There is force in his "Stormy Weather off Tantallon" (118), and much modest truthfulness in the "Surrey Lane" (194), and the Common overgrown with fern and prickly gorse (262). Mr. Vacher adds Eastern and Italian scenes to English landscapes. There is fluent cleverness in his "Tomb" (3), a sketch from Algeria; and an air of finish in his "Convent of the Madonna del Sasso, on the Lago Maggiore" (28). So, too, in his view from the Pontine Marshes (34) there are proofs of his feeling for the genius of the district; and the Roman Walls at Constantina (63) burn in the glow of an African sun. The "City of Algiers from Mustapha" (88), and the "Bedouin Encampment" (198), from the Atlas Mountains near the Great Sahara, are full of peculiar local colouring. Add to these, from his Italian works—some of which are inadequate—the characteristic view of the "Claudian Aqueduct" (222) from the Roman Campagna, in which the sunset lingering on the summits of the hills on the horizon is effectively given.

Mr. W. Bennett is represented by some twenty works, which show something very like a fatal facility of touch. But there is hearty appreciation of nature, as well as great manual skill, in the hazy atmosphere which invests his fine landscape of "Glen-garriff" (10). We cannot specify half his cornfields, and meadows, and woods, and scraps of rural scenery. Many are pleasing, yet we are conscious that the art displayed in them is often little more than a manual exercise, though founded originally upon the feeling for nature. His more ambitious works satisfy us the least, such as the "Valle Crucis Abbey" (192). However, "Thirlwall Castle, Northumberland" (200), and the "Shady Stream" (228) are very attractive pictures. Mr. T. L. Rowbotham is another very frequent contributor. He gives us a good snow sky in his "Old Mills, Holland" (17), and effective Italian scenes in the "Bay of Naples" (114), and the "Summer Morning on the Lake of Lugano" (159). "The Gulf of Spezia" (166) defies Mr. Rowbotham's skill—as, indeed, it does that of almost every artist whose works we have seen—to give its marvelous beauties an adequate representation. This gentleman's little bits of English scenery are mannered and insipid. Mr. M'Kean is a landscape painter of more than average merit. Not that the water has much reality of effect in his "Rocky Glen in the Dolwyddelan Valley" (9), or in his "Rocky Stream" (15). But his "Balmoral Castle" (178), with Loch-na-Gar in the distance, is a striking picture, very cleverly composed and painted. He exhibits also some careful studies of trees—oaks and beeches. Mr. Campion varies his somewhat monotonous landscapes with an exaggerated figure-piece, entitled "The Douane—Scene on the Frontier" (113). Mr. Philip deals with coast scenery. "The Old Lizard Head" (86) is ably done, and there is spirit in his "Breezy Day" (177). We like Mr. Maplestone's rich distance in his "View from Munstead Heath" (129), better than his lowering sky in "Dolbadern Castle, from the Pass of Llanberis" (179); but there is a poetic tone in both. We find advance and pleasantness in the works of Mr. Pidgeon and Mr. Fabey: Mr. Mitchell is on the same tack as Mr. Philip. There is more originality in Mr. E. Warren's pencil. Witness the charming beech wood "In the Forest of Dean" (207), with the exquisite green of the young leaves, the stately silver stems, and the dark-brown leaf-strown floor chequered with glancing streaks of sunshine. And there is much to admire in another of his works—"The Road by the Mill Stream" (32). To Mr. Cook we owe a bold sea sketch called "Blowing Fresh—Fowey Har-

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hour" (14), and a well-studied effect of a morning after squally weather in "Gathering Seaweed" (58). Nor must we forget a striking presentment of "The Rising of the Ground Sea—Treburwith, Cornwall" (111), and a poetically conceived view of the "Serpentine Rocks, Kynance Cove" (309). With him we must couple Mr. Robins, as a skilful marine painter. Water and sky are like themselves in his "Coming into the Port of Batz Scheldt" (7); and the "Dutch Boats running up to Flushing" (77), and the "Luggers running for Calais" (87) in a stiff gale, may be mentioned as especially vigorous and lifelike.

We may pass now to the artists who have preferred figure-subjects to landscape. Among these, Mr. Bouvier's rapid prettinesses are conspicuous. We feel a strong objection to the false sentiment and latent sensualism of these favourites of the print-shops. There is the "Daisy" (68), a mock-modest, bare-legged, peasant-girl; and the "Lassie at the Burn" (253), equally scant of clothing. Now, as a fact, our rustic maidens happily do *not* go about half nude. "La Soubrette" (79) is a conscious-looking damsel in the costume of the theatre. "Dressing the Bride" (163) is not so much a sketch of real Bretagne life, as a ballet-like group of insipid posture-makers. And "Penserosa" (312) is a reprehensible picture—a mere affected and voluptuous-looking woman *en déshabillé*. Mr. E. Corbould is not quite so bad; but yet what truth of nature, or wit, or meaning, is there in his "Sanctuary" (76)—a young lady in evening costume, though in broad daylight, running under a portico? Then we have the "Imprisonment, a Tradition of 1688" (300), for the subject of which, we are referred to a story of Mrs. Newton Crosland's in an old Keepsake—two operatic young ladies, in rich full dress, shut up in a gloomy cell. And the "English Rose" (317) is an English blonde sentimentally holding the flower. There is a healthier tone in Mr. Lee's little sketches, weak and mannered though they be. For instance, "Example" (22) is a Norman peasant mother, in characteristic costume, teaching her child to say its prayers; and No. 54 is a mother watching her sleeping child—the cradle, the poor furniture of the cottage, and the sleeping kitten, all accurately shown, but not soaring above the commonplace. So, again, with his "Hide-and-Seek" (93), and his "Little Tippler" (188)—girl drinking from a stone pitcher—stupid as they are, there is no ground for moral censure, but rather the contrary: the "Last Bunch" (204)—a smirking flower-woman—is somewhat more disagreeable.

M. Morin essays, with not indifferent success, a gay scene of heedless court life, in his "Poissons Rouges—Marly en 1760" (6)—a Watteau-like group of fluttering beaux and coquettes, carefully studied in the details. Less commendable are his pair of contrasts—"Real Illness" (55)—a rough country doctor feeling the pulse of a beggarwoman on a heath, and "Imaginary Illness" (60)—a fashionable lady on her couch, visited by a smooth physician. The scene from the *Vicar of Wakefield*, where the family is sitting for the historical portrait-group, is treated elaborately and with some good points by Mr. Kearney (212). We need scarcely characterize Miss Corbaux's domestic amenities—"Grandmother's Darling" (149), and the like. Mr. Corbould tries a higher flight in his "Noah" (218)—the representation of a miracle-play, performed at Hull in the fourteenth century. The labour here is, however, thrown away. Who cares for the dry bones of such a subject? and who believes in the verisimilitude of this painful archaeological revival? He who has seen one of Mr. Hage's interiors, with carved chimney-piece and picturesque group of swashbucklers, has seen all. The staple is the same, however much he may vary the dressing. The more ambitious flights are generally the least pleasing—as witness his "Spy" at Salzburg (85). But there would be more than usual interest in his "Transect of St. Mark's, Venice" (195), had he a colourist's eye for the general effect of that golden-hued interior. Mr. Mole is stationary. How worn out is any such representation of "Good News" (73)—a careless postman and a family of villagers in melodramatic attitudes at the tidings of the letter which he brings. "Safe off the Rocks" (165) is better—a fisherman leading his little girl home over the slippery weedgrown rocks to the firm sand. It is enough to enumerate some of Mr. Weigall's subjects—such as "Father's Breakfast" (123), and "Gleaners Returning" (333). He has also some drawings of fowls, Polish and Hamburg; and he attempts, with anything but success, a scene from "She Stoops to Conquer" (155). Mr. Tidey's works are of their average calibre. "The Wanderer" (133)—a decayed young man on foot on a mountain-heath—is only silly, not affecting. Miss Farmer devotes herself to scenes from the nursery; Mrs. Smith gives us an arch coquette, under the title "Prends garde à toi" (289).

The architectural painters must be briefly noticed. Mr. Prout is unequal. "At Prague" (169) is an excellent study of old town houses, with a most piquant bow-window. "Ratisbon Cathedral" (219) is this artist's next best contribution. There is an attractive pair of miniatures by Mr. Wehnert (299 and 316), representing views from Florence, drawn with great skill and effect; and not less good are two other Florentine sketches by the same painter (305 and 313). Mr. Howse exhibits numerous architectural scraps from Rouen and Thanet; Mr. Boys is happy enough in a busting street scene from Leipzig (42); Mr. Cromek has caught the true effect of the Beauchamp Chapel (143), and Mr. D'Egville offers some bits from Venice and Murano which are worth looking at.

In fruit and flower-painting, and in birds' nests, Mrs. Margetts, Mrs. Harris, and Mrs. Harrison, scarcely rise above mediocrity.

Mr. Laporte devotes himself to horses. Mr. Harrison Weir, in his "Christmas Carol" (276), gives us a spirited study of a robin-redbreast in his full song.

OTHER WATER-COLOUR EXHIBITIONS.

SAVE in the Water-Colour Galleries themselves, and to some extent in the Exhibition of Female Artists, water-colour art occupies a very subordinate position. In the Academy it hardly makes any impression at all. Those visitors who go with the intention of looking through the pictures exhaustively have to discover the water-colours—the less scrutinizing barely know of their existence. Nevertheless, this year it is one of the oil-galleries which contains the best of the water-colour figure-subjects—best beyond comparison, save for the works of Mr. Alfred Fripp, where the effects of sunlight are very interesting and unacknowledged.

The picture we allude to is the "Reminiscence of Algiers—a Negro Fête," at the Suffolk-street Gallery, by Mr. Leighton. There is a certain intensity of *couleur locale* about this work, pertaining entirely to the French school, in which Mr. Leighton has studied, and almost reaching dramatic force by the mere strength of its alien nationality. This is a quality foreign to the English school. Our Lewis, in his way, is unsurpassable in the delineation of national character, but the way is quieter, and more in the feeling of an outsider. Mr. Leighton has assuredly seen such a *feête* as this, or he could never have painted it—the straight, bony negroes, like hollow shapes of passion—the single member of their body distinguished by a comfortable degree of *éboulement*, who sits installed in the seat of distinction—the single man who plays the savage music, to which the dancing-girl sways her lithe body and plays her twinkling shawl—the white stone benches and arcade of the hall, patterned with a simple mosaic of a beautiful blue, worthy the colour-instinct of the tropics. The painting has power both in its depth and in its brilliance and suavity. It is a slight thing in comparison with the important subjects and dimensions which Mr. Leighton frequently affects; but we know nothing which shows his faculties as an artist more decidedly or at fuller pitch. Of the other water-colours in this Gallery, we need only name the "Llyn Idwal" of Mr. Whaite, and the bright, solid studies of coast and town boys by Mr. Smallfield—artists, both of whom we commended in reference to similar subjects from their hands, treated in oil, at the National Institution. In that collection, Mr. Smallfield again appears in water-colours, modelled closely on the principles of Hunt, the Water-colourist, with some more distinct influence from pre-Raphaelism as well. "Afternoon Service in Summer Time"—how hot and bright looks the little church, and how the small boys and girls twitch eyelids and feet in their drowsiness!—surpasses anything we recollect in the Hunt style, save only Hunt himself, still and unalterably ahead. "A Devonshire Maid" has something of the Hunt character also, but with a more prepossessing aim at imbuing rusticity with grandeur, and a more visibly theoretic assortment of colours. Mr. Boyce's Swiss views—in which the faithfulness is evidently carried up to the strict point of literalism—are the other things worth mention at the National Institution.

The water colours at the Royal Academy, little as is the notice they excite, are not without their good points. "Anstey's Cove, South Devon," and in minor degree, the "View from Chudleigh Rock," by Mr. Anelley, have accurate study of seaside form and colour, with some picturesqueness, but a poverty of surface which injures the effect. The "Study of an Ash-trunk," by Mr. A. Moore, with ivy and ferns, is a remarkable piece of detail. Mr. Cave Thomas sends two heads of the Saviour—of which the one named "Christ in the Praetorium" (what is technically termed an *Ecce Homo*), though not sufficiently marked by strength in the region of the mouth, has much true, deep, enduring expression, which grows upon you as you look. The "Sketch in Colour for the last arrangement of a Cartoon of Richard II. giving the Charter to the Goldsmiths' Company," by Mr. J. Z. Bell, is one of those works which remind us that there is in this artist some real aptitude for historic art, which he seems unable to make sure of, and which has therefore never attained a firm and consistent development. In "The Rivals, from Clynnog Beach, Carnarvonshire," by Mr. C. F. Williams, we have another sea-side view, very simple, airy, and faithful in all its component parts, though the result is a little bare and unsatisfying. Mr. Absolon, who is unrepresented in his proper home, the New Water-colour Society, appears here with "Boulogne, 1857." It is a large picture of English visitors and hardy fishing-girls, which exhibits perhaps an advance in body and strength of colour, but remains virtually the same as the art, not overburthened with either thought or substance, to which he has accustomed the public these many years past. A curious and ugly picture by Mr. A. F. Payne, the "Burial of the Lord of Rosslyn," looks like the work of a man with some stuff and promise in him. The figures in which the tendency to grotesque is in place—such as the old beggar-cripple and the pug-dog—are characteristic; and the artist does not seem to be afraid of many personages and variety of incident. This is a good sign, provided he disciplines and husband his resources.

The Exhibition of the Society of Female Artists, numbering some 600 works in all—paintings, original and copied, sculpture and modelling, cameos, &c.—is about half composed of water-colours. This is quite natural. Water-colours, with their cleanliness, easy manipulation, and aptness for use in sketching, have

always been the favourite material of ladies. The subjects selected, moreover, are generally of a kind quite as well treated in this medium as in oils.

Mrs. Elizabeth Murray, whom we believe we are right in entitling the President of the Society, maintains her position with the studies of Italian, Spanish, and African costume, character, and scenery, which she exhibits. No lady has more dash, picturesqueness, and easy, direct force, than Mrs. Murray. She can strike an attitude, give animation to a face, vividness to a costume, and colour to a group or a landscape, not only with the best—or better than the best—of her sister artists, but in fair emulation with many a male artist of repute. This spontaneous, unlaboured ability is her danger, however, as well as her strength. She has relied, hitherto, overmuch on cleverness and too little on study; but we discern advance in the latter particular this year, and we trust that Mrs. Murray will satisfy herself that nothing but firm study, continual practice, and the resolve to be content with no half result, is the making of an artist. She has the intrinsic power in ample measure, such as hundreds of her artistic competitors would vainly strain for; and it were much to be regretted should any laxity or excess of self-confidence on her own part stint this power of its proper fruit. One of her fellow-artists, Miss A. E. Blunden, furnishes Mrs. Murray with a bright example of determination to carry out to the uttermost the gift that is in her. "The Foxglove Blossom," by this lady, is the work of a student, as compared with the unhesitating talent of Mrs. Murray. Every detail is dwelt upon with lavish care and genuine devotedness to the work. The result is, in itself, delicate and charming; but its best property is that it supplies a firm beginning from which to continue a course ceaselessly progressive, realizing at each successive step something more and more, and leading onwards and upwards still. Another lady who has always done herself justice is Mrs. Bodichon, whose maiden name of Barbara Smith is that by which she has hitherto been known in Art. Her natural insight and strength are of an uncommon order; and these have never been left to languor or haphazard, but have been continually cultivated by practice, and fed upon the direct, unaffected study of nature. Everything which she does is marked by individuality, and expresses firmly and clearly some aspect or incident of nature which she has seen, has entered into, and aspires to realize. The Algerian studies from scenery and vegetation in this gallery are all of value and interest, though not carried so far—especially in colour, which is here in a neutral key—as some previous works.

These three ladies supply the principal strength of the water-colour section of the female gallery. We may also mention the careful, sweet, and on the whole beautiful, still-life of Miss Stone and Miss Charlotte James—some vigorous sunset painting by Miss Malleson—a group of "Cats" by Miss Jervis, excellent in expression and solidly handled—and a modest, pretty "Cottage-door in Kent," by Miss E. Webster.

On a general review of our existing water-colour art, we cannot deny that it lies somewhat fallow. Its giant champion, Turner, could not be expected to leave a successor. We have had him—treated him as such men are mostly treated, with light, wonder and jeering depreciation—and must wait, perhaps a century or more, for a man to carry on his work with similar power, and then most likely in some very different direction. Our greatest living worker, Lewis, has, for the present at least, abandoned this branch of art. Our exceptional great men, Cox in landscape, and William Hunt in study of common life and still life, are old, though both thoroughly vigorous, and in some respects even advancing still. The average of our Water-colour Exhibitions is ordinary in subject and point of view, and seems to proceed very much on the principle of giving the public what their "sweet voices" and relaxing purse-strings dictate, rather than showing them that there is something higher, and leading them up to that. We have cleverness, practice, and traditional repute, to uphold the school, but small symptoms of original daring or power. To be content with what we are would soon bring us to a pass where it would be difficult to remain content any longer. A strong man or two from among the general body of artists, specially bent upon infusing new blood into the school, is what remains chiefly to be hoped for. But this is only a hope, and of the vaguest. In default of this, much good might accrue from a freer use of water-colours by painters generally, not as a separate mystery, but as the readier means for *any* man to adopt when the fancy takes him, and the subject suggests it. There ought not to be two classes of men—oil-painters and water-colorists—but *painters* only, conscious of a mastery which they can wield in whichever direction they please.

REVIEWS.

FUNERAL ORATION OF HYPERIDES.*

THE question is not unfrequently asked among scholars, whether any important addition to the literary wealth bequeathed to us by antiquity may now be expected. As the possible sources of such an addition become better known and

* Υπερίδου Άργος Επιτάφιος. The Funeral Oration of Hyperides over Leosthenes and his Comrades in the Lamian War. The Fragments of the Greek Text now first edited from a Papyrus in the British Museum, &c. By Churchill Babington, B.D., F.L.S., &c. 1858.

more thoroughly examined, we are forced more and more to return a negative answer to the question. The libraries of the West are becoming pretty well exhausted; and those of the East, which appeared to offer a promising field for discovery, prove, upon inspection, to be singularly barren in classical manuscripts. Mr. Curzon and Mr. Coxe seem to have searched them in vain, or at best, the fruits of their labours are almost entirely negative. The reason is not far to seek. We must look for Greek MSS. mainly in Greece—not in the kingdom of Otho exclusively, but in those regions (whatever their political designation may be) in which the Greek language is the vernacular, or in which it is, to say the least, very widely diffused. The public libraries of Greece are the monastic libraries. The monasteries are the only permanent institutions which have survived the shock of conquest, and which continue the mediæval life of the Greek nation into modern times. But we must not expect very much from the monasteries of the Eastern Church. The notions of monastic learning which we derive from the history of the Latin Church, and which are only partially true, even as regards that branch, are wholly inapplicable to the intellectual condition of the Greek caloyers. The learned Benedictine has no counterpart there. In the turbulent and unsettled kingdoms of Western Europe, learning was forced to take sanctuary in the cloister. At Constantinople, on the contrary, it allied itself to the secular power, and engaged the attention of princes as well as prelates. The monks carried out the principles of monachism to their legitimate conclusion—they were merely monks, and not scholars. Their libraries have ecclesiastical manuscripts, plenty and to spare, but little or nothing of classical antiquity. We can hardly hope to recover any lost treasure from them, unless, perhaps, in the shape of a palimpsest.

Something, however, may be hoped from an accidental "find," as the archaeologists call it, such as that which brought to light the long-buried cities of Campania. In that instance, however, the charred and blackened rolls which were discovered really added nothing to our stock of ancient literature. Egypt is, perhaps, the most likely field for such discoveries. It was the principal seat of literary life and intellectual activity among the Greeks from the extinction of their political independence until the dismemberment of the Roman Empire. Owing at once to the climate and to the customs of ancient Egypt, antiquarian monuments are better preserved there than in any country in the world. The expectation of success in that quarter has, to a certain extent, been justified by experience. The discovery of the fragments now before us, and of other works by the same writer, forms a remarkable instance of its truth.

It is a singular and happy coincidence that within the last few years large portions of these orations of Hyperides have been brought to light. Familiar as is his name to the readers of Greek history, in connexion with the era of Alexander, until recently we possessed no remains of that orator beyond mere fragments, and no fragment of any importance, except the splendid peroration of the *Ἄργος Επιτάφιος* now before us, as preserved by Stobæus. In the year 1847, Mr. Joseph Arden purchased a papyrus roll from some Arab excavators in the neighbourhood of the Egyptian Thebes. Rather later in the same year, Mr. Harris, of Alexandria, purchased some fragments of a papyrus from a dealer in antiquities in the same neighbourhood. Upon subsequent examination it was discovered that these papyri were neither more nor less than the *disjecta membra* of the same document. The whole text was edited in 1853 by Mr. Churchill Babington, with a fac-simile of the original manuscript. It contains considerable fragments of two private orations of Hyperides, one of them being a defense of Euxenippus, and the other spoken on behalf of Lycophron.

Ten years after the original discovery, Mr. Babington examined a papyrus which had just been purchased for the British Museum from a gentleman who had procured it in the same district in which the former fragments were discovered. It proved to be the funeral oration of Hyperides, or, at least, a very large portion of it. It is very imperfect at the opening; there are frequent and considerable hiatuses throughout; and the peroration is altogether lost, although, happily, it is preserved by Stobæus. Still there can be no doubt that we are now in possession of by far the largest and most important part of this celebrated performance. Celebrated it is, for it is referred to with commendation by more than one of the later Greek writers. And it was deservedly celebrated. The peroration alone would place its author among the first rank of Attic orators. In addition to its intrinsic excellency, it is an important addition to our existing collection of Attic funeral orations, and is not unworthy to rank with those of Thucydides, of Lysias, and of Plato. These funeral orations were connected with a touching custom which prevailed at Athens—that, namely, of according to those citizens who had fallen in war, the honours of a public burial:—

The third day after the bodies had been exposed to view, they were carried forth in hearse to the Cerameicus, the bones or bodies of each tribe being borne in a separate chest of cypress wood. An empty litter, covered with a pall, was carried in honour of those whose corpses could not be brought from the battle-field. The procession was not confined to Athenian citizens, but included women and foreigners. Before the ground closed upon them, the orator appointed by the people delivered his harangue over their tomb.

Hyperides was appointed to take part in this ceremony in the year B.C. 322, and on the following occasion. The sudden death of Alexander, in the previous summer, had removed a pressure from the States of Greece, which deemed it a favourable oppor-

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tunity for combining to recover their independence. Athens became a focus of agitation. In the absence of Demosthenes, who was in exile, Hyperides, Leosthenes, and others excited the people against the Macedonian interests. In spite of the opposition of the wealthier citizens, war was determined on. A considerable fleet was equipped, and envoys were sent to the several Greek cities, requesting their co-operation. Athens itself furnished a respectable military contingent. They were joined by most of the States, as well to the north of the Gulf of Corinth as in the Peloponnesus. Sparta, indeed, does not appear among the allies, and the Boeotian cities took part against them. We learn from the newly-discovered oration that they were opposed also by the Euboeans. Leosthenes became general of the combined forces. The nucleus of his army was a body of 8000 mercenaries which had been formerly in the service of Alexander, but which had been brought over from Asia Minor, and were now stationed at Cape Tenarum. From this point Leosthenes marched through the Peloponnesus and Western Greece into Boeotia; and after defeating the Boeotians, who attempted to intercept the Athenian contingent, he proceeded into Thessaly to encounter Antipater, who was approaching with the Macedonian forces. In the engagement which occurred, Antipater, who had the disadvantage in point of numbers, was defeated, and compelled to throw himself into Lamia, a fortified town about three miles from the coast of Thessaly. Here he was blockaded by Leosthenes, who, on the very eve, as it seemed, of a brilliant success, received a mortal wound, and died in a few days. This accident formed the turning-point of the Lamian War. Leosthenes and his comrades received the honour of a public funeral.

A good general idea of the manner in which the orator treats his subject may be gathered from the following analysis, or paraphrase of the speech, as given in Mr. Babington's Introduction (pp. xii.—xv.) :—

Hyperides opens his address by observing, that his remarks about the conduct and bravery of Leosthenes and his companions would be delivered before those who were themselves witnesses of them, and that under such circumstances, he must ask the indulgence of his auditors for any shortcomings in describing them; they would, however, readily supply in their own minds any omissions which he might unconsciously make. The division of his subject is threefold: praise of the city, of the soldiers, and of their general. Athens is to be congratulated for having pursued a policy worthy of her best days and even surpassing it. Time would fail (and this is no fitting occasion for a long speech) to go through the glories of her past history, but it might be said in a word, that she was the sun of Greece, diffusing light and nourishment and happiness throughout the whole Hellenic world. He must now come to the soldiers and their general, and he scarcely knows where to begin. Not by enlarging on their birth, for it is superfluous to recount the pedigrees of Athenians, whose common origin from their mother-soil gives them all a title to the noblest descent. Neither is it necessary to say much on their education, for it is clear, that those who have proved themselves good men and true in the service of their country, must, when young, have been well-educated. It is best to speak of their valour in war, and to show what blessings they have insured to their country and to Greece. And herein Leosthenes is entitled to be mentioned first. He saw Greece wholly prostrate and her former prosperity destroyed through the venality of her Macedonizing orators; there was no city to take the lead, there was no general to assume the command. He himself then filled the void, and devoted himself to his country, and his country to the liberty of Greece. Hyperides then runs rapidly through the details of the war and the exploits at Platæa, at Thermopylae (with a passing allusion to Leonidas), and at Lamia. In all these engagements Leosthenes obtained his desires, but he could not withstand his destiny. Glorious, however, as his victories were, we owe him thanks not only for them, but for the successes which followed in the same campaign. Upon the foundations laid by him, others have built a secure superstructure. These encomiums on Leosthenes must not be understood as a slight on those who served under him; rather they involve the commendation of the rest; for the glory of skilfully planning an engagement belongs to the general, but that of its success to those who bravely carry it out at their own personal hazard. Consequently, when the victories of Leosthenes are praised, the other soldiers are praised likewise; men whose zeal for the freedom of Greece was so ardent, that they willingly offered their lives to secure it. It added spurs to their enthusiasm that they had seen with their own eyes in Boeotia at the outset of the campaign, what atrocities the Macedonians had perpetrated at Thebes—a city blotted out of the map of Greece, its inhabitants sold, its territory confiscated. And it was no less fortunate, that the latter part of the expedition ended at Thermopylae and Lamia. At that sacred spot the representatives of Greece, assembled in the Amphictyonic council, would every year bear testimony to their valour, and be witnesses of the exploits which these men had performed, who were indeed second to none that had ever gone before them in the annals of mankind. And this will become yet more evident, if we consider what must have happened, if they had not done their duty in this war. The world would have been subjected to one despot, whose will would have been law; Macedonian insolence would have been unrestrained everywhere; rapes and outrages would have been incessant. Of this there can be no doubt, for even as it is, we have been obliged to acknowledge men (i.e., Alexander) as gods, and their creatures (i.e., Hephaestion), as heroes; and if the powers above have been set at nought by Macedonians, what might men have had to expect? Again, not only these considerations, but a survey of the actual hardships of the war places the courage of these men in no ordinary rank. Uninterrited engagements, intense severity of cold, and privation of the necessities of life, they cheerfully and unflinchingly endured.

Leosthenes, then, and his subordinate officers who incited the army to such acts of self-devotion, are rather to be envied for their gain of immortal glory, than to be pitied for their loss of mortal life. The man who stands his ground in battle brings happiness to all others as well as to himself. The truly happy man fears not the threats of tyrants, but the voice of law: the man who is truly free fears not being charged with crimes, but being found guilty of them: the real security of states is preserved not by those who fawn on foreign masters, but by those who urge the observance of their country's laws. And to defend these laws these men died; they died valiantly that others might live honourably. By their means their fathers will be honoured, their mothers looked up to, their sisters wedded in such manner as it is meet; their children will have the virtues of these deathless men as a ground for receiving support at the charges of the state. For men like these must not be spoken of as dead,—rather as enjoying a happy life in a new station assigned to them. If there is such a thing as a place of future retriv

bution, their so-called death is to them the commencement of unspeakable blessings; for how can we talk of them as having quitted life, and not rather as having been regenerated by a new birth far more glorious than their first! For at their first birth they were brought forth senseless babes, but they have now come forth in another world as brave men; and in their mortal life they displayed their courage over many scenes and amid many dangers, but they now commence their new course, having the reputation of this to begin with, and are acknowledged as glorious warriors both there and here. Yes, verily! for what occasion will fail to remind us of their valour? what place will not call forth their praises? The public rejoicings of the state will remind us that these men have been the cause of its prosperity; the private festivities of citizens will call to mind that these men have been the cause of their security. Men of all ages will arise and call them blessed; the old, because they will lead the rest of their life in peace through the courage of these patriots; those of their own age, because . . . the young, because . . . They have left their valour behind them as a pattern and encouragement to all. And worthy is this valour to be commemorated, ay far more than the mythical exploits of the heroes before Troy. If we listen for the sake of mere pleasure to the hardships which the Greeks there endured, the same delight arises from the deeds of those who have rescued their country from the Macedonians; if for the sake of the profit resulting therefrom, what discourse can be more profitable to the auditor than that which should pronounce a panegyric on valour and on brave men? It is evident then that such men as Leosthenes will ever be held in honour among ourselves and all other men; but let us inquire who will salute him in another world. Will not the Grecian heroes who sailed to Troy accost him, and admire him for the deeds he has done and the spirit he has shown? deeds like theirs, indeed, but superior; for they, united with all Greece, took but one city, but he, depending only on his own country, humbled the power of all Europe and Asia. They only vindicated a single Helen's wrongs, but he and his comrades have defended the women of all Greece from Macedonian insolence and outrage. Even with regard to Miltiades and Themistocles and the rest, (who saved Greece from slavery and rendered themselves immortal, but who were so far below Leosthenes that they only repelled the barbarians after they had invaded Greece, but he prevented them from ever invading it at all,) even with regard to them (says Hyperides) I believe that Harmodius and Aristogeiton, your most glorious patriots, would not consider them so dear to themselves or to you as Leosthenes and his comrades, and that they would not associate with them in Hades so intimately as with these. And with reason; for the deeds of Leosthenes and his companions are, if one may say it, even superior to their own; for they destroyed the tyrants merely of Athens, but Leosthenes the tyrants of all Greece. Marvelous daring, magnanimous resolve, which these men both conceived and executed! Brilliant exploits of unexampled bravery, which these men went through to secure the liberties of Greece, and in going through them died! * * *

But I must now turn to the survivors. It is a difficult task to administer consolation to those who are visited with such an affliction, as can be soothed neither by the strains of music nor by the voice of reason; yet let them take courage and abate somewhat of their grief, if that may be, by remembering not only the death which their friends have suffered, but the glory which they have left behind them. And if they have not reached the allotted age of man, yet they have become possessed of more than mortal happiness and of a memory which will be ever young. Such as have died childless will have an eternal name amongst the Greeks in place of sons and of daughters: such as have left children behind them will find in the State the tenderest guardians of their offspring. And beside this, if death is all one with non-existence, then are they free from disease and grief and all the other calamities which are incident to human life; but if, as we suppose, there is a world of conscious spirits over which the Deity exercises his care, then must we conclude that those will receive his most favourable notices, who have avenged the insulted honours of the gods.

Mr. Babington has published a beautiful fac-simile of the original papyrus, executed by Mr. Westwood, now the Curator of the Hopeian Collection at Oxford. An emended text is printed *en face*, with critical and exegetical notes at the foot of each page. The emendations rest, of course, on unsupported conjecture, as, in the present instance, they are incapable of being confirmed by any external evidence. They are frequently happy, and generally self-evident; but we do not feel confident that we can subscribe to them in every case. For example, we have the following passage in the original text:—

.
δένος γαρ πάντοτε των γεγονότων
οὐτε περι καλλιεύοντων οὐτε προς το
χρυσότερος οὐτε μετ' ελαττονόν
γηγονισαντο την αρετὴν ισχὺν
καὶ την ανδρείαν πλήθος ἀλλ' οὐ
τον πολὺν αριθμὸν των σωμάτων
τινας κρινούστε.

Here Mr. Babington reads *οὐδένες*, which is tempting. But it involves a strange confusion in the sentence, as the subject of the participial clause must be sought for, not in the *οὐδένες των γεγονότων*, but in the objects of the orator's encomium.

Again, in the following passage:—

. . . οταν λεωσθενη ἔσκον
· μένος καὶ θαυμαζόντας
· των διηγομένων καὶ
· ουμενον τον επιστρα
την στραταντας.

Here our Editor reads:—

δρὸν Λεωσθενη ἔσκον
μένος καὶ θαυμαζόντας
τῶν διηγομένων καὶ
τοι μένον τοδι ἐπι Τροιαν
στρατεύσαντας;

In this passage, the corrections *δρὸν* and *στρατεύσαντας* seem necessary; *διηγομένων* is very doubtful, though it is hard to see what else one ought to read; and *τοι μένον* appears to us to be very improbable. *Μένος* is not a common word in Attic prose, and the fragment —*ουμενον* seems much more likely to be the wreck of a present participle belonging to some deponent verb, and connected by *καὶ* with *θαυμαζόντας*. Although it appears from the context that he is speaking of the heroes of the *Iliad*, *ἐπι Τροιαν* seems bold for *ἐπιστρατας*, out of which, to say the least, a sense may be made.

In another place, Mr. Babington does not alter the text indeed, but objects, we think needlessly, to the text as it stands:—

*εἰ γάρ [δὴ τις] ἀμοι[β]ῶν
ἀντὶ τούτος.*

Upon which it is observed that “the text can hardly be right, and is probably not restored by simply removing *ἀντι*.” On the contrary, we think it would be utterly spoiled by removing it. *Εἰν* *ἀντι* is here nearly equivalent to the future, but somewhat modified in its force. It means, “If there is likely to be—if there is perchance—any place of retribution.” Compare *Æsch.*

Ag. 903:—

εἰ πάντα ἔτι πράσσομεν ἀντι, εὐθαρσοῦς ἴγω.

Elsewhere the Editor doubts, and we doubt even more, how far it is possible to render *δεξιέντας πάσαν τὴν Ἑλλάδα*, as he does in the note, “to go through all the history of Greece.” There can be little doubt, as he suggests, that something is lost in this place.

The volume is closed by two carefully-written excursus, one on the *Λόγιοι ἐπιτράφιοι* of the Athenians, and the other on the divine honours claimed by Alexander. Of course the whole work is of value only to professed scholars, and to them only as a critical apparatus for determining the true text. It is not very convenient to peruse the flowing periods of Hyperides cut up into short lines of three or four words a-piece, and disfigured by *obeli* and *uncii*. On this account we are disposed to regret that the work was not published in a somewhat different form. We should have thought it better to separate the critical from the exegetical notes by a wider interval than the blank space which now divides them at the foot of each page. The fac-simile, with the conjectural text, should have been (as we are inclined to think) printed *vis-à-vis*, as at present, with the *critical* notes only at the bottom of the page. The corrected text might then have been printed at the end of the volume in a continuous and readable form, with the exegetical and grammatical notes subjoined. Had this been done, there can be no doubt that the merits of Hyperides would have been more fully and widely appreciated. Nevertheless, the work is a scholarlike performance, and we congratulate the learned Editor on having restored a lost classic.

GREGG'S KING EDWARD THE SIXTH.*

THE opponents of unlicensed printing are avenged. Milton's apology has at last received a sufficient answer; and we are, in the interests of literature, constrained to allow that the French Emperor has a justification for the censorship. We want an *Index Expurgatorius*. Compositors have feelings as other men. In these days, when cabmen, and omnibus cads, and news-venders, claim to be treated as possessing rights of conscience, why should there not be a society for the prevention of cruelty to printers? If Jews are to be emancipated, why not compositors? The unfortunate artisans—we do not know from what printing office the thing issued, for it is anonymous—who have, under the tyranny of the author, Dr. Tresham Dames Gregg, and the publisher, Mr. Kendrick, been compelled to set up *King Edward the Sixth*, an Historical Drama, have much to complain of. It is a weak and long-suffering race, that of compositors. Why should any human being in this land of liberty be forced to the indignity of putting into substantial types this Historical Drama? As a literary curiosity, however, we prophesy some profit to the publisher. With the *Lord Mayor's Journey to Oxford*, *Edward the Sixth* will command its price. It has been reserved to two Doctors of Divinity, Dr. Dillon and Dr. Gregg, to give the world curiosities of literature.

Dr. Gregg has done the reign of Edward VI.—the whole of it, the entire seven years—into five acts. With a noble contempt for the unities, with a bold defiance of historical and chronological truth, with a superb superiority to common sense and poetical form, he has indited an Elizabethan drama. Since Nat Lee's Bedlam histrionics there is no parallel to *King Edward the Sixth*, except, perhaps, the reverend author's *Mary Tudor*, which we regret to say has not reached us. Dr. Gregg has special qualifications for the tragedian's art—he combines gifts hitherto not held in combination. He is equal to every model. He follows Shakespeare in his fidelity to the old chronicles; and he rivals *Manfred* in the supernatural agencies. We have something after Schiller in his dramatic rendering of political events and personages. Like Dr. Croly, he is at once controversialist and playwright, and to the fine philosophical view of *Philip Van Artevelde*, he adds humoristic powers and a boldness in treating the accredited characters of history which remind us at once of the *Comic History of England* and Mr. Froude. He is equal to Shakespeare in his anachronisms, inasmuch as he introduces the royal forces engaged in suppressing Kitt's Norfolk rebellion marching to the “British Grenadier;” and on all sorts of subjects he pours out stores of learning which only recall Ben Jonson in the *Alchemist*.

We hardly know what points to select in order to give a notion of Dr. Gregg; for as dramatist, polemic, and poet, as historian and philosopher, he is equal—at least to himself.

* *King Edward the Sixth. An Historical Drama, in Five Acts, after the Elizabethan model. By Tresham Dames Gregg, Author of “Mary Tudor,” &c. London: Kendrick. 1857.*

Here is Mr. Froude's view of Henry VIII.'s character, and especially of his edifying death-bed, done into undying verse. “See how a Christian can die!” said Addison—here is the Tudor model sovereign, the self-denying father of his country, in *extremis*:

Reminded of his matrimonial feuds—
On these he dwelt without remorse or shame:
That he had his people's good at heart,
And thus been mov'd to take the part he did.
That had his object been licentious love,
Or the indulgence of mere appetite,
His power and place gave him facilities
To glut concupiscence with scarce reproof:
And if he had in anything done wrong,
That wrong was sanction'd by his counsellors.
But he refused to justify himself;
He pleaded that redemption was complete,
And quite unlimited for those who fled
To seek for refuge in the Saviour's cross.
In short, my lords, the Lion of the State,
So terrible to all throughout his life,
Subdued in spirit, contemplated death,
Contrite and penitent, awaited it.

Dr. Gregg is, we believe, a great controversialist in Dublin; and if his sermons against Popery are as full-flavoured as his dramatic castigations of the Apostate Church, we can answer for his popularity. There is only one little historical fault in our next choice extract—it will be news alike to Mr. Buckle and Dr. Maitland that Puritanism and tobacco were rife in England at Henry VIII.'s death:

Friar Peyto.—It will never be good day in England till we hang all the Paritans, and bring back again the holy Pope, whom King Harry put away.

Knight.—Hang you, you sorry knave; you blind, you heedless knave; you creature; you thing; you incarnation of subserviency. Call you yourself a thinking Englishman? No! you're an alien; a driven slave of hoary Rome. One of the poodle-dogs of humanity, who, if they do no mischief, do no good, and but live and breathe to subserve the vanity of the frivolous. Your soul's a mass of nastiness. You may pick filthiness from it as from the glistened cuff of a fakir. Your gods are twenty thousand figments of the brain. Your soul is overgrown with paltry vices, the very creeping vermin of the spirit. It will make itself stink with tobacco, fuddled with beer, thick with gluttony, dishonourable with petty meannesses; it will borrow with a paltry lie, and be unable to pay through a paltry cowardice, or vice, or sloth; it will wallow in indulgences, and see what it should love and cherish pinched with want; it will pray with the lips in heaven, and the knees, the elbows, the nerves, the bones, and the sinews, and all the appliances of the body, in hell; it will sit demure as a saint, while every member, and heart, and soul, will belch with corruption, and cry—“Come sin!”—and all this aggravated by an obstinate determination neither to know or learn a more excellent way.

Friar Peyto is an active character in the drama. Under the disguise of an undertaker's man, he gets access to Henry VIII.'s coffin, and in the interests of the Church bores a hole in the Royal coffin, in order that Henry's blood may leak out, for the express purpose of fulfilling that doom of Ahab which in a Court sermon he had prophesied for the Royal plunderer. He recommends himself for employment in the coffin-maker's shop in a choice enumeration of his qualities. Critics might stumble at the learned friar's familiarity with Parker's *Glossary*, Nicholson's *Builder*, and the works of Perrault and Sir Christopher Wren; but there is a fine touch both of genius and learning in this:

Peyto.—Building of every sort I have wrought in. House-building, from the foundation to the coping stone; ship-building from the stem to the stern-post. I can discuss you the five orders of architecture: the Tuscan, the Doric, the Ionic, the Corinthian, and the Composite; besides, the Arabesque, the Saracenic, the Gothic, and the Early English. I know all about the systems of Vitruvius, Palladio, Scamozzi, Serlio, Vignola, Barbaro, Cataneo, Alberti, Viola, Perrault, and Sir Christopher. And all'the arts, handmaide to architecture, I profess—as carpentry, gilding, joinery, masonry, painting, plumbing, and ornamental carving. I can work in brick, stone, glass, lead, mortar, tile, and timber. The qualities of timber I can tell you of—the oak, the beech, the elm, the fir, the pitch-pine, the ash, the alder, the elder, the poplar, the cedar, the orange tree, the lemon tree, the walnut tree, the plum tree, the quince, the cypress, and the mulberry tree; the pomegranate, the tamarind, the locust tree, the jujube, and the willow tree; their strength, their closeness, their hardness and durability, their contraction, their expansion, and their variation, I know all about. In raising, framing, roofing and flooring, you'll not sack me: and as for joining and cabinet work, which is your job, in framing, scribbling, mitring, mortising; in dovetailing of every kind, common dovetailing, mitre dovetailing, and lap dovetailing; in veneering and banding, straight banding, cross banding, and feather banding; in boasting, carving, fluting, cabling, and reeding; in moulding, bronzing, and varnishing; in finishing and polishing; cleaning, stopping, staining, common polishing and French polishing, I'll yield to nobody.

A seaport in Bohemia is grand; but French-polishing in Tudor days is sublime.

Friar Peyto is great in every view. Dr. Maitland tells us something of the influence of popular ballads on the Reformation side; but Dr. Gregg has been lucky enough to recover, or still luckier, to imitate, what we have no doubt were the papistical songs of the time. We have heard that—

Gospel light first beamed from Buleyn's eyes.

Here is the original of the saying:—

Peyto—[Sings]—Anna Bullen struck his heart;
But 'twas nothing that at all:
It was conscience and religion, good lack!
His grief and his distress
Was load that him did press;
O, religious was the king, good lack,
Good lack,
Conscientious was the king, good lack!

We all remember King Richard's wooing of Lady Anne—so does Dr. Gregg. Here is the Admiral Seymour, then Lord

Sadley, making love to Queen Catherine Parr, after a fashion which, from a lay pen, we should say verged on the indelicate:—

Sadley.—Wisdom itself speaks from my Catherine's lips.

But, by those lips, I will not brook delay.

Cath.—A single year—

Sadley.—An age, eternity,

Torture endured in *secula seculorum*,

My blissful, heavenly, bewitching Kate.

Cath.—Then half a year—

Sadley.—'Twere worse. The torture

Were proportionate to the shortness,

And its intensity reduplicate.

Cath.—Well, then, three months—

Sadley.—Three ages. Now's the time.

This blessed hour, this present now, the limit fix'd

By heaven itself for happiness for ay.

A moment later were heretical.

Everybody has heard of Roger Ascham's learned colloquies with the Lady Elizabeth. Dr. Gregg has reproduced them in a dialogue which is only not Platonic. The Queen recommends Elizabeth to write to her sister Mary; whereupon Ascham goes into the quiddity of a letter:—

Ascham.—Written characters

Are mute discourse Prehended by the eyes

And by the mind of those from us removed.

It was affection, mutual and strong,

Which this invention first did generate:

Thus did it refuse to suffer space to break

Its powerful bond. As Ambrose to Sabinus

Did attest, *Epistolarum usus est ut disjuncti*

Locorum intervallo affectu adhucramus.

Cath.—Elizabeth, you hear the learned doctor?

Eliz.—Yes, madam.

Cath.—And you perceive what an epistle is?

Ascham.—Epistle—that is, *epistola*, which from the Greeks

Has to the Latins pass'd into familiar use.

From *stello*, *mittio*, as though a missive;

As emitted, remitted, or demitted to those

Who absent are. Thus do the Germans say,

Ein sendbrief. Antiquity, also, said *itteras*,

Tabulas, tabellos, codicillos, libellos, of which

The reason and the use is plain from Latin authors.

But the Hebrews have other names, even of the

Self-same thing, and other thoughts.

You recollect, I told you this before.

Eliz.—Yes, sir, I recollect.

Ascham sums up the art epistolary:—

Ascham.—You recollect, I told you—to this belongs the treatment of a single subject, with a direction and an aim, with more imperative care. Men's narrations and deliberations about war, about peace, about the republic and its best, also its corrupted forms—slanders, persuasions, dissensions, exhortations, deborations, laudations, vituperations, execrations, consolations, commendations, accusations, condemnations, gratulations, salutations, consternations, perturbations, determinations; conditions, petitions, and commissions; actions, fractious, pactions, and factions, and innumerable things of the kind, which may belong to any one subject, and walk into it with full step, and confirm and fix its pace. You understand?

Rabelais and Pascal never satirized the scholastic method in a finer vein of humour than this. Falstaff has praised wine, and Erasmus folly; but the pleasant fooling in Dr. Gregg's subtle and caustic satire on gluttony, in this fine mock eulogy, is a higher strain:—

Chayney.—Don't tell me that 'tis folly to dine with sumptuous preparation. My lord, man's first style of mundane enjoyment is a handsome feast, and 'tis no wisdom to blaspheme a well-served dinner. Hath not nature given us the five senses, and one or two more to be the judge and jury that shall decide on physical phenomena subservient to the use of the body? and when the nose sniffs perfume; the ears enjoy a tinkling harmony of sweet sounds; the palate luxuriates in the delectations of sapidity and dulce sensation—crisp, moist, tender, rough, soft, brittle, and slippery; the throat is comforted, and comforts the reins and realm within with the hot and the cold, the still and the effervescent; the eyes rove with answerable satisfaction over the fair-set banquet, and the mouth pronounces all very good, and thanks the donor for it. Don't tell me this is folly. No; 'tis a high condition of man's inferior enjoyments, and it is wise and proper gratefully to partake of it.

But Dr. Gregg shows that he can emulate the lyric masters. Goethe, Byron, and Mr. Festus Bailey delight in incantations; so the author of *Edward the Sixth* gives us Father Peyton raising the devil in this fashion:—

Peyton.—Come hither, come hither, come hither to me. [He waves his wand.]

From the city's back-slums,

Whence the mur'd'er comes;

From Bedlam's din,

From the stammerer's inn;

From the jail's damp cell,

And its galling chain,

Where passions swell

Till they burst amain;

From the house unclean,

Degraded and mean,

Where the heart-broken all forsaken die

A death of shame and of misery;

From the cannibal's shore,

From the battle's roar;

From orgies and from revels,

Where wild and wanton devils

Dance, whoop, curse, drink, gorge, and shout,

In infernal, hellish rout,

As though all hell were let out—

Come hither, all! [He waves his wand.]

[Here a flight of numberless Spirits hover in the air.]

Come, come, still more;
Come, ye mighty four!
From the east, from the west, from the south, from the north,
Glaular, Wozzah, Harcot, Cambalon!

Enter the four gigantic SPIRITS named, the *Genie of the Four Quarters of the World.*

The devils were perfectly right to obey this infernal roll-call; and it would not be safe to repeat it.

Edward's death-scene is particularly fine. What we most admire in it is Dr. Gregg's versatility. He grasps at once the lightning and the dear household words of common life. One scarcely knows in a great poet which to admire most, his march on the difficult mountain-tops, or on the level of domestic thoughts. The royal youth dies scarcely, we should have thought, with proper Christian convictions when he raves in this fashion:—

King.—Sand, merely sand—eternal, endless sand,
Arid, parch'd, scorching, killing, infinite;
A wilderness of barren, desert sand,
Stretching with world-wide span to the extreme limit
Which marks the circle of the horizon,
Unvaried, dreary, and monotonous;
And I in the centre,
A fainting atom, with a drawing step,
Hoping to plod the vast diameter;
While the brass heaven above, glaring upon me
With the red eyeball of the fiery day,
Would seem to cry—"Despair, fall down and die."
Merciful One—O, find me an oasis.

But he has his consolations, though we are shocked to see that his ghostly advisers lean to the doctrine of good works:—

North.—According to thy will, Lady Jane Gray
Is firmly settled to succeed to thee,
And thus, that reformation which we love,
Is sure to prosper 'neath her pious counsels.
Then, all is settled, also, about the schools:
Christ's Hospital is firmly incorporated,
And will, I cannot doubt, shed countless blessings
Upon our children, and our children's children;
Bartholomew's Hospital, also, in Smithfield,
And the Hospital of St. Thomas, in Southwark,
Are all completed according to thy wish.

Northumberland is so pleased with this topic of consolation, that he recurs to it with a fine touch of honest, earnest, familiar human nature, rendered in that idiomatic English which tells:—

North.—O, by the way, my lord, about Christ's Hospital—
We have determined that the education there
Shall be most strictly up to principle.

The dying King lights up under this spiritual comfort, and Northumberland asks, with graceful simplicity of manner and manner:—

North.—Don't you think his majesty looks rather better?
Lady Jane.—Would I might think it. [Exit Ridley.]

King.—O, Cousin! I do not think I shall recover at all.

And he did not; for Father Peyton comes on disguised as an old woman, and finishes "the historical drama" by poisoning the godly youth out of hand, just according to the story books.

There is, however, one passage in which Dr. Gregg announces, though obscurely, his grand moral purpose in this work of high art. It is a deep and philosophical one. He knows that the drama and history are corrupting and vain studies. He has, in *Edward the Sixth*, a great object—it is to wean the mind of man from those poor pursuits, and to show of what vain, crude stuff historical studies and characters may be made up. His play is but a deep and profound irony on our extant historical and dramatic literature. It is a subtle and delicate satire on our models of taste and composition. Just as Cervantes laughed Spain's chivalry away, so Dr. Gregg purposes to bring plays and histories into contempt by the solemn mockery with which he treats them. His spirit is that of a literary Mephistopheles. All is but vanity. He reproduces hints and suggestions from our great writers only to show how vile they are. He wishes to show how mean and contemptible great men and great times really are. His art is in concealing his satire. As with Swift, one never knows whether he is laughing at us or with us. Once only he lets us into the mystery and moral of his work. He vindicates his ethical end in a single fine passage, which we regard as the key to his secret. At any rate, he has earned the right to pronounce the encomium of folly. Through five long acts he shows us, both by precept and practice, the didactic function of nonsense:—

Eliz.—My lord, you're talking nonsense.

Sadley.—Nonsense? For shame. Why, nonsense is of sense the very essence. The man who cannot be sensibly nonsensical, is a mere incarnation of nonsense throughout. Sense is a thing flat, literal, truistic, common place, and prosaic. Nonsense is poetry—metaphorical, indirect, suggestive—of the soul. It plays around its object, and while it seems to recede, approaches it. It casts on sense a light, without which it is drab, quenched, dun-coloured, or colourless. Sense appeals to your interests, your sadness, your melancholic and niggard attributes throughout. Nonsense tickles the fancy, awakens the imagination, diverts the humour, drives away the spleen.

Only, unfortunately, Dr. Gregg has put so fine a point upon it, that the dull and unphilosophical readers will miss the author's refined art—will mistake his satire for seriousness—and will accuse him of being not so much "sensibly nonsensical" as "a mere incarnation of nonsense throughout."

THE ROMAN WALL IN NORTHUMBERLAND AND CUMBERLAND.*

MR. MACLAUCHLAN'S very valuable and interesting *Memoir* is printed for private circulation, and is therefore exempt from ordinary criticism; else we should willingly speak of its merits as a clear and accurate topographical disquisition. But we may be allowed to make use of it, and of the admirable plan which accompanies it, to introduce our readers to a subject of great antiquarian interest, and to a recent act of princely munificence which it illustrates. While the members of our archaeological societies, and other private explorers, have been contending vehemently over the scattered remnants of the "Picts' wall"—the grim old fortification which runs from sea to sea through our northern counties—and the few obscure texts of ancient authors in which reference is made to it, the Duke of Northumberland has made a noble use of his ample means and his public position to institute a survey of the line itself, and thus to secure for the future a complete and perfect record of all the traces of it now existing. Those who know how rapidly such traces generally disappear before the operations of modern husbandry, and are aware how much has perished in this particular locality almost within living memory, will feel how deeply antiquarian science is indebted to his Grace's intelligent liberality.

The system of fortifications, still imperfectly traced, which once crossed the island from Wallsend on the Tyne to Bowness on the Solway—a distance of about seventy-three miles—comprised works of various descriptions. On the extreme north was drawn a broad ditch; immediately behind this was raised a wall of masonry; at a distance varying from one to five hundred yards from this wall, ran a mound of earth, used probably for a roadway; and immediately behind this, another ditch. This ditch was crowned along its southern edge by an earthen rampart, and beyond it, still to the south, lay a second mound or roadway. The stone wall was strengthened by a series of diminutive redoubts at intervals of about a mile, and connected stations or camps to the number of twenty or thereabouts, each from one to two hundred yards square—lying generally a little to the north of the earthen rampart, or attached to it only by their southern face. Finally, a military road or paved causeway, the traces of which are now known by the name of the Stane-gate, accompanied the line of fortifications, generally at two or three miles' distance to the south, and connected its terminal stations.

That so complicated a system of works should have been conceived and executed by a single commander seems, in itself, highly improbable, and the external evidence, though obscure and conflicting, persuaded Camden and Horsley, and our antiquarians generally, that the earthen rampart was the original work of Hadrian, the stone wall an additional defence of Severus. Some diligent and intelligent explorers of our own day, however—such as Mr. Hodgson and Dr. Bruce—have started the theory (the *Aelian* hypothesis as they term it) that both these lines were designed by Hadrian; and they strengthen such portions of ancient testimony as can be pressed into its service by pointing out traces, as they think, of unity of design in the works themselves, which indicate, as they pretend, the mind of a single designer. For our own part, as far as we can form an opinion from the printed discussions on the subject, not having had the advantage of personal examination, we are by no means satisfied with their reasonings. We are inclined to go beyond the common opinion on the subject, and to regard the stone wall as the work of neither Hadrian nor Severus, but of the Romano-Britons of the fourth or fifth century. Such is the express assertion of Gildas, supported strongly by Bede; and such is the original tradition, attested by the vulgar appellation of the Picts' wall—the wall of defence against the threatened incursions of the Picts, when the Roman legions were about to be finally withdrawn from the island. The existing remains of Roman fortifications on the south-eastern coast of England—such as those at Richborough, Reculver, Colchester, and other places—are now pretty generally regarded as works of a late Roman period, when it became necessary to secure the province against the attacks of the piratical Northmen. And the stone wall of the north was, in our view, a similar precaution of timid and unwarlike civilization against an imminent danger peculiar to the period.

There is a strong presumption against Hadrian having erected a wall of solid masonry, in the fact that the Romans were not in the habit of executing such works up to his period. Of all their military entrenchments, the most extensive and important was that which fenced off the Agri Decumates (Suabia) from the rest of Germany, and reached from the Lower Rhine to the Danube, above three hundred miles in length—a work commenced by Drusus and Tiberius, carried on by Trajan, and completed possibly by Hadrian himself. This work, which has been made the subject of numerous disquisitions in its own country, was in some parts an earthen mound and ditch, in others a ditch and palisade, strengthened with castles at short intervals; but there is no record or trace of a stone fortification. In the same manner, it would seem most probable that the work of Hadrian in Britain was a mound only, and that even Severus was content with re-

pairing and strengthening this rampart. The Romans carried their *Via*, or military ways, in radiating lines from the capital to the frontiers; but these *Via* were connected on the frontier itself by *Limites*—transverse lines of communication, like the balks which divided the cultivated territory of a township, from whence they derive their name. On wild and wooded borders the *Limes* was often, perhaps a broad strip of cleared land, drained by a fosse on each side—the roadway being raised in the middle, and possibly accompanied by a parallel line of rampart. Now, it is true that the term *Limes* came to have a secondary sense, particularly in the language of poetry, and to be used for any road or track, direct as well as transverse. Nevertheless, in sober prose, and in the discussion of military matters, we may expect to find it employed with technical correctness, and thus accordingly we must understand the *locus classicus* in which Tacitus (*Germ.* 29) describes the operations of Trajan—"limate acto, promotisque praesidiis." By the *limes* we here understand the communicating, or, as we should say, "circular" road, which marked out the limits of his new province; and the *praesidia* are castles advanced in front of it—the one answering precisely to the mound and its double road of Hadrian, the other to the castles which, as has been said, generally lie a little in advance of the mound, or only touch it with their southern face. And this, notwithstanding the recent criticism of Mr. Hort in the *Journal of Classical Philology*, we still think must have been the character of the *limes* of Tiberius mentioned also by Tacitus (*Annal.* i. 50) "Sylvam Cæsium limitemque a Tiberio cæptum scindit." Although there is great difficulty in the common rendering of the passage which Mr. Hort contradicts, we cannot persuade ourselves that "limitem scindere" can mean to cut (open) a road, or anything else than to cut through or penetrate, as "vallum scindere" in Caesar. But we must not linger on these philological minutiae. We will only add that, however strange it may seem to us, it is an unquestioned fact that when a Roman army issued from its entrenched camp to deploy on the plain, it was not unusual to throw down a portion of the rampart, so as to allow it to go forth in battle array, with its full front to the enemy. This is shown in a striking passage of Lucan, which could easily be confirmed from other sources:—

Sternit iam vallum, fossaque implete ruina,
Exeat ut plenis acies non sparsa manipi.

The Duke of Wellington is said to have complained that few English officers could get fifty thousand men out of Hyde Park. Caesar would have solved the problem by breaking down a thousand yards of railing. Such, we conceive, was the operation, "limitem scindere."

There seems, as we have said, no authority for ascribing either to Hadrian or Severus the stone rampart which still forms the most imposing feature of our gigantic fortifications. If, among the few inscribed stones still found in the remains of the Picts' wall, there are some which indicate the work of an earlier period, we may suppose that they have been removed from their original sites in the imperial castles, and built up in the continuous masonry. It seems, however, not impossible that the two lines of mound and wall now traceable may indicate respectively the inner and outer margin of the original limes, the strip of land cleared through the desert—that Hadrian fortified the one margin and Severus the other—and finally, that the last defenders of southern Britain chose the line of Severus for the base of their own more solid construction.

AN ENGLISH ARTISAN ABROAD.*

ALTHOUGH German literature can show the records of a more prosaic and business-like *Wanderjahre* than Wilhelm Meister's, Mr. Duthie, a goldsmith by trade, is probably the first Englishman who has described from his own experience the travelling-life of artisans in Germany. The form in which his recollections are presented is not altogether satisfactory. The little book opens with an introduction containing a general outline of the author's travels, with practical details as to the earnings, expenses, and habits of the class among which he lived; and then follow twenty-eight chapters, of which we are told that sixteen have already appeared in Mr. Dickens' *Household Words*, and others in a weekly newspaper. Instead, therefore, of one connected story, we have, first, the introductory narrative, and afterwards a set of sketches in which matter is often repeated from the introduction, while the subjects of them appear to be chosen on no better principle than that of furnishing Mr. Dickens and the editor of the unnamed weekly paper with such contributions as their readers might be likely to relish. In respect of style, the contrast between the introduction and the chapters which immediately follow it is startling. Whereas the introduction is modestly and sensibly written, the first chapter opens in this fashion:—

Hamburg at last! after eight days' sail from London, three of them spent in knocking about the North Sea, where the wind always blows in your teeth. Never mind; we are now safely moored to these substantial timbers; huge piles, driven in a line, which form the outer harbour of Hamburg. The city lies before us, but there is nothing very imposing in it; the houses, with gabled roofs and whitened walls, look rather lath-and-plaster, in fact; but we must not express our opinions too rashly, for first impressions are not always the most faithful, after all.

* *A Tramp's Wallet, stored by an English Goldsmith during his Wanderings in Germany and France.* By William Duthie. London: Darton and Co. 1858.

* *Memoir written during a Survey of the Roman Wall through the Counties of Northumberland and Cumberland, in the years 1852-1854, made by direction of his Grace the Duke of Northumberland, &c.* By Henry MacLauchlan, &c. 1858.

This, however, and some other early chapters in the same half-cockney, half-American strain, are not (as the reader might uncharitably suppose) among those which have been published in *Household Words*, and for the "careful and valuable revision" of which the writer "expressed his sincere thanks." After having indulged his fancy for overdone cleverness and sentiment through about twenty pages, Mr. Duthie falls back into a more natural tone. There is, however, still another serious defect—that fact and fiction are mingled in a somewhat perplexing fashion. It would seem that for the most part the author is relating his real experiences; but writing anonymously, and for the amusement of the readers of certain periodicals, he felt himself under no obligation to confine himself to things which had actually happened; and hence his papers in their collected shape are an incongruous mixture, in which we cannot always be certain what we are, and what we are not, expected to receive for truth. We need not, indeed, trouble ourselves about the chapter entitled, "What my Landlord believed"—which is an extravaganza founded on the absurd ideas entertained by foreigners as to the eccentricity of Englishmen, and especially of rich English "lords." But we are at a loss what to make of the story entitled "Cause and Effect," which reads as if it were substantially true, but comes before us with such apocryphal names as *Thalermaecher* for a Jew banker, and *Kugelblitz* for a fire-eating lieutenant, and is otherwise evidently dressed up that it may be smart enough for the pages of *Household Words*.

Mr. Duthie, finding business dull in London, started for the Continent, apparently about the year 1840, and landed at Hamburg, where he remained seven months. Having during that time gained a sufficient knowledge of German for ordinary purposes (although, unless his printer has done him foul wrong, his German is even now of no very critically accurate quality), he set out "on the tramp" for Berlin; and after having worked in that city and at Leipzig, he made his way, partly on foot and partly by cheap conveyances, to Vienna, which he reached with threepence in his pocket. A year was pleasantly spent in the Austrian capital; and at the end of it our author took his departure, with 7*l.* and a precious little cargo of "piercing-saws," for Paris; and at Paris he remained a year and five months—his whole absence from England amounting to about three years and a half.

The German artisan, as we all know, is bound, on the expiration of his apprenticeship, to spend some time in travel; but as to the laws and customs by which his *wanderschaft* is regulated, most of us know little or nothing, and Mr. Duthie has much to say for our enlightenment. In every town, it seems, there is a *herberge* (or house of call), to which the members of each trade are obliged to resort; and the consequence is that these hostellries, having a legal monopoly of custom, are in general very badly managed—dirty, noisy, and notorious for the incivility of the masters and attendants. The police—that great incubus of German life—presses very heavily on the travelling journeyman. People who complain of the trouble which it gives as to passports, have little idea of the worse evils which it inflicts on this class of persons, who cannot get passports, properly so called, but are obliged to content themselves with an inferior sort of document, styled a *wanderbuch*. At Prague, for instance, where our Englishman and a Frenchman, both fortified with passports, arrived in company with some others, who, as being subjects of German Governments, had nothing better than wander-books, we read:—

Upon presenting ourselves at the wicket we were challenged by the sentinel, our passes taken from us by the military guard, and a sort of receipt given for them. Our three companions, having only wander-books, were imperiously directed to their *herberge* for accommodation, while we were permitted to consult our own tastes on the matter. . . . I may mention, as a further proof of the different treatment which awaits the holder of the workman's *wanderbuch*, as compared with the bearer of a passport, that on attending at the police-office, Alcibiade and myself were at once called into the bureau, and our duly *vized* passports handed to us with great politeness, while our companions were left to cool their heels in a stone-paved hall, till the officials could find time to attend to them.

On the other hand, although Mr. Duthie was described in his passport as a workman, the authorities, both in Germany and in France, often insisted on making him pay fees as a merchant or an independent gentleman. The travelling workmen are under strict rules. Before they can obtain their *wander-books* they must satisfy a number of absurdly punctilious conditions. In every great town they must, on their arrival, state their means of subsistence. If they cannot find work within a day or two, they are obliged to move on; and on leaving they must not only prove that they leave no debts behind them, but must show that they are possessed of some ready cash. We need hardly add that, with all this nonsense, the police is continually duped, and its regulations disregarded with impunity. Our author has much to tell as to the police amenities of Perleberg, Berlin, Dresden, Vienna (where he got nine days in jail for omitting to take off his hat to a religious procession), Augsburg, Munich, and other places; but we shall content ourselves with a colloquy between a poor fellow and a Bavarian official—premising that Bavarian officials still keep up the custom of addressing inferiors in the third person singular, which has become generally obsolete elsewhere:—

"What is he?"—"A currier." "Where from?"—"Siegesdorf." "Where to?"—"Ulm." "Has he got the itch?"—"No." "Then let him sign the book."

In every town the travelling journeyman is entitled to a *viaticum* from his trade, which, although of small amount, is a

considerable help, and even those who are not in want of the gift make a practice of asking for it. Mr. Duthie had scruples about this at first, but his companions removed them by reminding him that he had himself subscribed to the travellers' box in the towns where he had worked.

There are many curious details as to wages in the various places which our author visited; but as few of our readers are likely to visit the Continent in the character of journeymen goldsmiths, we may content ourselves with referring them to these in the *Wallet* itself. On a still more interesting subject—that of food and drink—we are supplied with very ample particulars. Thus, at Leipzig, the workman who boards with his master is condemned to "unvarying boiled fresh beef, excessively insipid, with no other accompaniment than various kinds of beans stewed into a sort of porridge. Potato dumplings are a luxury." At Vienna our author ordinarily fared on "beef and vegetables, the latter arranged in a thick porridge of meal and fat; sweet flour-puddings stewed with prunes, a common sort of cake called *zwieback*, omelette, macaroni, or a lighter kind of cake, baked and eaten with jam—all solid, wholesome, and of the best," while his luxuries were "Augsburg sausages, bacon, and sour kraut, breaded veal cutlets, ditto lamb's head, and roasted liver and onions. . . . A dinner on New Year's Day, of baked pork and fried potatoes, with bread, wine, and apple puffs, cost ninepence." But Paris, the capital of gastronomy, is the place for a journeyman goldsmith to live at. His wages are from four to six francs a-day. For breakfast he may have "two penny sausages, two-pennyworth of bread, a pennyworth of wine, a halfpenny *paquet de couenne* (which is a little parcel of crisply-fried strips of bacon-rind), and a baked pear;" and for ninepence he may "dine upon soup, a choice of three plates of meat, about half-a-pint of wine, a dessert, and bread at discretion." Moreover, by paying for thirteen dinner-tickets in advance, he may dine once a fortnight for nothing.

The effects of the custom of *wanderschaft* are a mixture of good and evil. The journeyman, by seeing men and cities, extends his knowledge, which the German workman, it seems, has little notion of extending by means of books; and no doubt, in addition to the acquisition of general knowledge, he must learn something in the way of his trade which might not have been acquired at home; while the constant intercommunication by means of this custom must convey such improvements as are made in the practice of each trade from one German city to another. But on the other hand, the travelling workman acquires a restless, homeless, improvident character; and the moral results appear, from Mr. Duthie's testimony, to be such as we might have expected.

Mr. Duthie, if he "lived laborious days," did not think it necessary to "scorn delights." He freely indulged, and his earnings allowed him to indulge, his taste for plays and operas; he amused himself of an evening in those gay gardens and attractive *cafés* which French and German cities abound in; and as he moved from one place to another, he took care to see all the usual sights by the way. In his last two chapters he discusses the difference between English and foreign Sundays. The contrast between the actual German Sunday and that relaxation of our own laws which he advocates, is neatly put in a passage where we think we can trace the revising hand to which allusion has already been made:—

So far as Germany is concerned, you may look upon everything but museums, pictures, and the like, on Sunday. You may, as Luther says you ought, "dance on it, ride on it, play on it—do anything," but see that which is most likely to instruct you. You may visit tawdry shows, and inspect badly-painted scenery—you may let off fireworks, gamble to your ruin, smoke the eyes out of your head, and dance the head off your shoulders—but you shall not, with few exceptions, look upon works of art, or the results of science, in museums or picture galleries.

Mr. Duthie's argument in favour or excuse of Sunday theatricals—that in Germany the theatre is no fun at all, but a very serious thing—is, however, not very likely to overcome any scruples which may be felt on the subject. We can readily suppose that some people find their tragedy and their farce in the meetings of Exeter Hall and the preachings of Crown-court or the Surrey Gardens; but it is not so easy to believe that others may find playgoing a solemn exercise of religion.

The result of the continental journey is thus summed up:—

I had passed several years in foreign travel; I had undeniably profited in the acquisition of new experiences in my trade; new modes of working, and additional manual skill. I had rubbed off some of the most valued and therefore most absurd prejudices against foreigners; and made some progress in the acquisition of two languages—a gain which must ever be a source of mental profit and gratification. To conclude—I had started on my journey but indifferently clad, and with scarcely 5*l.* in my pocket, of which sum, 2*l.* had been remitted home; and I had been able not only to subsist by the labour of my hands, but to enjoy much that was costly, and an infinite deal more that was pleasurable and advantageous; and to return home, having liquidated every debt save that of gratitude, well provided with apparel, and with 1*l.* sterling in my purse.

Moreover, we learn from the preface that "good fortune has so far favoured his own exertions, that, although still of the craft, he can no longer lay claim to the title of a journeyman goldsmith." We therefore wish *Meister* Duthie continued prosperity; and we can assure our readers that although we have freely mentioned some defects of his little volume, and are unable to follow him to the entire length of his veneration for Mr. Dickens, to whom it is dedicated, we have found it not only amusing, but full of really valuable information.

TALIESIN AND OSSIAN.*

THE two most recent works illustrative of Celtic poetry have this, at least, in common—that their respective authors are Englishmen actuated by kindly feelings towards the Celtic race, and desirous of promoting the study of its singular literatures. Of Mr. Nash, indeed, the author of *Taliesin, or the Bards and Druids of Britain*, we may further say, that he seems to have mastered nearly all that has been written on his subject—that although sometimes dealing with philological questions, he always contrives to speak of his opponents with courtesy—and that his examination of the evidence in support of Davies' and Pughe's extravagant theories (still, we grieve to say, current in Wales and elsewhere) displays a candour and acuteness contrasting favourably with the dishonesty and blundering of certain Cymric and Teutonic Keltomaniacs. What these theories are, will, to some extent, appear from the following quotations:—

It has been, moreover, strenuously and repeatedly asserted, that these literary remains of the earliest British writers contain the most distinct and conclusive evidence of the persistence, down to at least the close of the sixth century, of the doctrines and mysterious lore of the ancient Druidical priesthood, such as it is represented to have existed in Gaul and Britain, by Caesar, Pliny, and other Roman authors. It is said by the author above quoted [Archdeacon Williams, author of *Gomer*] that in the remains of the early British Bards "we have ample proof that during the Arthurian period, (that is, in the fifth and sixth centuries), and probably long before, certainly long after it, there flourished two schools of literature: the one essentially heathenish in creed, although often nominally Christian, and blending with Druidical doctrines the worship of many of the Pagan idols of Greece and Rome, and of their own peculiar mythology. Specimens of this school are to be found in the remains ascribed to Taliesin, the Caledonian Myrddin, and in certain tales of the *Mabinogion*, as well as other anonymous works. —(*Taliesin*, p. 6.)

In fact, according to the statements of this author [Davies, of the *Celtic Researches*], this Druidical superstition, which was actually publicly proclaimed and patronized in Wales down to the time of Edward I. in the thirteenth century, was a Helio-Arkite worship, in which the bull, the horse, and the element of fire were prominent emblems, and King Arthur the representative of Noah; while a certain Hu Gadarn, whose history is to be found in the Welsh Historical Triads, was also an impersonation of the patriarch, deified and worshipped by Welshmen in the thirteenth century of the Christian era.—(*Taliesin*, p. 7.)

So, too, Welsh writers will tell you that before and at the time of Julius Caesar, the Druids formed a learned and powerful hierarchy, "conversant in the most sublime speculations of geometry," deep in moral philosophy and physiology, "skilled in mechanics and acquainted with rhetoric, and other polite arts." The people of whom these Cymric Crichtons were the priests, judges, and instructors, were, "when they first colonized the island of Britain, possessed of considerable general information, brought from Asia soon after the dispersion of mankind at the building of the Tower of Babel." The Druidical religion was that of the antediluvians, Noah and the patriarchs. The British Druids "believed in one Supreme Being." Those of Gaul, according to Caesar, worshipped chiefly Mercury (post hunc Apollinem et Martem et Jovem et Minervam); and the names of about 200 Gaulish deities have, we understand, been recovered by Dr. Siegfried from inscriptions. They believed in "man's moral responsibility, and considered his state in this world as a state of discipline and probation;" they had "a most correct view of moral good and evil," and believed in the transmigration of souls—a well-known patriarchal doctrine. They were the priests of the serene and songful Hyperboreans, whose language was the Cymraeg, but in whose existence, Herodotus—blinded by "wilful incredulity" and "a victim to crotchetts"—unfortunately for the theory, disbelieves. Here we cannot forbear expressing surprise that certain Welsh antiquaries should seek to connect themselves with the Hyperboreans, seeing that some of their own ancestors must surely have fallen by the hands of this people, whom, according to Pindar (*Pyth.* x. 28), Perseus Folk-leader found sacrificing to Apollo οὐεῖτε δρόντες ἔκρομας.

The effrontery with which such assertions are made, and the scandalous suppressions, forgeries, and mistranslations by which they have been supported, not only tend to alienate all sober Saxon minds from the study of Welsh literature—which, in two respects at least, is of real importance—but have actually misled acute historical investigators, like Sir Francis Palgrave and Chevalier Bunsen. The former, in his *Rise and Progress of the English Commonwealth*, observes, in a passage quoted by Mr. Nash, that "Taliesin hardly conceals his belief in the religion of his forefathers; and the Druidical worship, which was still recollected in Strathclyde and Cumbria, was so strong and vigorous on the opposite shores of Deira, that the British inhabitants not only preserved their priesthood, but had induced the Anglo-Saxon conquerors to embrace their faith; for the name of Coifi the Pontiff (in the Gaelic [P], Coivi, Cuimhe, or Coibidh), by whose persuasion Edwin embraced Christianity, in A.D. 627, is no other than the title of the chief of the Druids." And Bunsen, in his *Outlines of the Philosophy of Universal History*, actually prints a Dr. Meyer's "translation" of a "hymn to the God Pryd, in his character of God of the Sun," beginning "Pryd, God of Great Britain, splendid Hu, listen to me"—the

first two lines of which form the conclusion of an elegy, the residue part of a Christmas carol. M. Adolphe Pietet, too, has, we are sorry to see, recently taken to comment on this imaginary Druidical theology. Hence it appears that the truth or falsehood of the current theories is a matter of some European as well as local interest.

The great sources from which Welsh antiquaries have drawn arguments in support of these theories, are the compositions attributed to Taliesin and Merlin, who are supposed to have flourished in the sixth century. Now, if anything in Welsh literary history is certain it is this—that the Black Book of Caermarthen, the oldest MS. in which any of these poems are found, is of the twelfth century, their spelling and grammatical forms are those of that period. Most of the poems ascribed to Taliesin are in the Red Book of Hergest, a manuscript of the fourteenth century; and a similar remark applies to the forms and orthography of these also. It would seem, therefore, that the burden of proof devolves upon those who affirm the antiquity of the compositions in question. Mr. Nash, however, considering that the subject-matter of the allegation lies peculiarly within his province, and knowing, we imagine, that he would have to wait long enough for the other side to support its case by reliable evidence, boldly takes the *onus probandi* upon himself. He shows, 1st, that in the twelfth century the fame of Taliesin as Chief of Bards was principally connected with the *mabinogi* or romance attached to his name; 2ndly, that there is no ground for connecting the Taliesin of the romance with the Bard of Urien Rheged; 3rdly, that some of the songs in praise of Urien may have been originally composed by a veritable Taliesin, a bard of the sixth century, and rewritten in the twelfth or thirteenth, but that it is impossible to say how much belongs to the bard who composed, or the clerk who transcribed the songs; 4thly, that the poems ascribed to Merlin are not only wanting in the "mysterious allegories which have been supposed to ensnare fearful superstition and Druidic oracles, but also that they contain allusions to personages and events of the eleventh and twelfth centuries;" 5thly, that no allusion to Druidism is found in the poems ascribed to Merlin, or indeed in any of the older poems in the Welsh language; 6thly, that of these, save the songs to Urien, and the poem in the Cambridge manuscript of Juvencus, none can be shown to be older than the twelfth century; 7thly, that the Druid is a figure altogether unknown to Welsh romance, and that at the time the *mabinogion* and the Taliesin ballads were composed, no tradition or popular recollection of the Druids or the Druidical mythology existed in Wales.

These, like some other more important discoveries, were made by means sufficiently simple and obvious. Mr. Nash learnt Welsh, and translated honestly the whole of each of the poems he deals with. The results of this novel mode of procedure are somewhat remarkable. The *Gorchan Adebun*, for instance, which Davies has turned into such mysterious balderdash, comes from under Mr. Nash's hands a string of simple proverbs in rhyme:—

THE SONG OF ADEBON.

The apple-tree is not far from the apple.
The industrious is not akin to the spendthrift.
No one is a hero when naked among thistles.
Every one who swears strongly fails (to perform).
Do not be the friend of one who loves injustice.
We cannot die twice.
To be dumb is not an appropriate quality for an orator.
Do not love to be foremost in conversation.
Jewels are the dainties of the feeble-minded.
Savage from hoof to horn.
Peace is lost in a mansion.
Where there is a large house there will be continual entertainments.
There is always a way for him who seeks it.
Kind gentles, victorious over the foe [lit. reapers of the foe].
Smile on the Gorchan (song) of Adebun.
And so ends the Gorchan Adebun.

But even Mr. Nash seldom succeeds in making anything so intelligible out of the fifty pieces ascribed to Taliesin which he has translated. These poems, too, besides being obscure, are generally deficient in picturesqueness, vigour, pathos, and coherence. The last defect may be accounted for by assuming that in some cases they were altered and interpolated by the ignorant twelfth-century transcribers, while other pieces, in their present condition, are obviously formed of fragments of two or more poems basted, not welded, together by itinerant minstrels, who were forced to draw on their memories in order to satisfy eager but uncritical audiences. The *Gwaith Gwenystiad* and the *Gwaith Argoed Lluyfain*, two of the pieces celebrating the actions of Urien Rheged, are not, however, obnoxious to much of this criticism. Let the reader judge:—

THE BATTLE OF GWENYSTRAD [THE WHITE STRAND].

Exalt the men of Cattraeth who went with the dawn.
My prince is the victorious leader.
To Urien this being without praise is new.
The upholder of the kingdom and warlike in his demands.
Gentle in rule, a chief of Baptism.
The mischievous men of Britain were assembled in arms,
Constantly proposing battle in Gwenystiad.
Neither field nor wood afforded shelter to the host,
When the molestation came.
Like the fierce roar of the wave is his shout across the land.
I have seen resolute men in battle array,
And after the morning of battle mangled flesh.
I have seen the violent struggling of the perishing.

* *Taliesin; or the Bards and Druids of Britain*. A Translation of the Remains of the Earliest Welsh Bards, and an Examination of the Bardic Mysteries. By D. W. Nash. London: John Russell Smith. 1858.

Poems of Oisin, Bard of Erin. "The Battle of Ventry Harbour," &c., from the Irish. By John Hawkins Simpson. London: Bosworth and Harrison. 1857.

Blood wetting the active angry ones;
In defence of Gwenystrad a heap of wounded ones,
And of men severely fatigued.
In the pass of the ford I saw the blood-stained men loosening their
armour with a cry of anguish.
They were quiet whose entrails went (out of their wounds).
With the hand on the cross, trembling on the ground the white-cheeked
ones;
They are a feast for the worms rising out of the earth.
The pale birds of prey are wat with grasping the gore.
I have seen men chastising the spoiler,
With blood matted on their clothes,
And with fierce gestures earnest in fight.
Cover of the battle, there was no retreat when he rushed on.
The hero of Rhoged—wonderful was it when he desisted.
I saw the division of the spoil collected by Urien.
When his enemies were raging by the White Stone of Galystem,
His anger was like the sword of the shield-men,
Producing death.
Greedy of battle shall Euronwy be.
And till I fall into old age,
And the painful necessity of death,
May I never smile
If I praise not Urien.

THE BATTLE OF ARGUED LLWYFAIN.

The morning of Saturday there was a great battle,
From the rising of the sun until the setting.
Fflamdwyn [Saxon leader] hastened in four divisions
With the intention of overwhelming Rhoged.
They reached from Argued to Arfynydd.
They maintained their splendour only for one day.
Fflamdwyn called out very blusteringly,
"Will they give the hostages, and are they ready?"
Owain answered him rising up on the rampart,
"They will not give them; they are not nor shall be ready."
And Ceneu, son of Coel, afflicted would have been the hero,
Before he would give hostages to any one.
Loudly Urien, the chief, proclaimed his resolution—
"Let my kinsmen assemble,
And we will raise our banner on the hills,
And will turn our faces against the soldiers,
And will lift our spears above the heads of the men,
And will seek Fflamdwyn in his army,
And will slay both him and his troop,
And because of the battle of Argued Llwyfain,
There were many corpses;
Red were the ravens through the strife of men.
And men hastened with the news.
And I will divine the year, that I am no longer on the increase;
And till I fall into old age,
And the painful necessity of death,
May I never smile
If I praise not Urien.

In parting with Mr. Nash, we would respectfully suggest to him the desirability of extending his studies to the other Celtic languages. In the case of these, as of the Romance and Teutonic tongues, it is certain that no scholar can attain to a critical knowledge of one without some acquaintance with the rest. Had Mr. Nash possessed this acquaintance, he would hardly have proposed (p. 98) to translate *mal tonnawr tost* ("like the fierce roar of the wave") by "like sharp thunder," comparing *tonnawr* (from *ton*, wave and *gawr*, shout) with the French *tonnerre*; which, like the Provençal *tonedre*, comes from *tonitrus*. *Taran* is the Welsh and Cornish word for thunder, in Irish *toran*—*ef*, the name of the Gaulish god *Taranis*. Again, had he been familiar with the old Celtic practice of inflecting the passive verb impersonally, infixing the pronouns of the first and second persons, he would never have translated the opening verse of the poem in the MS. of *Juvencus* thus:—

I shall not sleep a single hour to-night,
My harp is a very large one.
Give me for my play a taste of the kettle.

Mr. Nash reads the second line *mi telun it gurmaur*. But no alteration is necessary. The text, according to *Lluyd*. (*Archæol. Brit.* 221), is—

Ni guorcosam nemheunaur
Henoit mi telu nit gurmaur
Mi amfranc dam ancaular.

Thus translated and explained by *Zeuss* (*Gramm. Celt.*, 947):—

Non dormiam, non dormitum erit mecum
Hac nocte, familia mea non adeo magna,
Ego et puer meus et lebes nostra.

Verba exhibili ut videtur. Existat adhuc *cus*, somnus pro *cus* unde *cus* dormire; *guorcosam* cum particula intensiva fortasse significans obsecnæ, cuius passim indicatur sequente *nemheunaur* (bod. *anasse* dormire) solito modo impersonali cum terminations *-ar* futuri secundarii. Aliunde incognita vox *dam* vix non est eadem ac *hibern. daw* (etiam).

It is a pity, too, that Mr. Nash should have allowed such blunders to creep into his book, as the proposal, p. 24, to connect the Irish word *bard* (perhaps derived from the root *bar*, Sansk. *bhar*, bear) with the Welsh *cerdd* (ars), which is really cognate with Lat. *cordo*, Irish *cerd* (faber), wherewith *Zeuss* compares the Skr. root, *kri*, Persian *kerden* (facere); and Mr. Nash's derivation (p. 34) of the Irish *clairseoir*, a harper, from "clar, a board, the performer on a board, and *clairseach*, a harp, the *seven boards*, or *board with seven strings*," is almost worthy of Dr. Latham, involving as it does two blunders—one that the Irish for seven is *seach*, not *seacht*, the ancient *sechthen*; the other, that, in composition with a noun, the numerals take the second instead of the first place.

We have left ourselves little space to give account of Mr. Simpson's Ossianic volume. Its principal contents are some speculations on etymology and history, which we recommend

him to omit in his next edition—an abridgment of the story of the Death of the Sons of Usnach, which may be found told at full, with much power and pathos, in Mr. Ferguson's *Hibernian Nights' Entertainments*, New York, 1857, and also (interpaged with the original) in the *Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublin*, 1808—and a prose translation of a long poem, in the form of a dialogue, between St. Patrick and Ossian, properly Oisin, the pagan poet. The opening of this, as handed down in Mayo, is worth quoting:—

Oisin—Patrick of the solemn psalms, how great your love for God must be, since you do not close your book and listen to the voice of the blackbird!

Sweet blackbird, high on your bending bough, how soothing is your song? Although you never heard mass said by priests, how delightfully you do whistle.

The whole poem is well worth reading, and though Mr. Simpson has failed in giving the original, we are inclined to believe in the faithfulness of his version, especially as it is so very unlike Macpherson's bombast. Perhaps, however, the most interesting part of Mr. Simpson's volume is a small collection of the popular tales on the subject of Ossian and his comrades, still current among the peasantry of Mayo. It is to be hoped that Mr. Simpson will persevere in his laudable attempt to rescue the Celtic traditions and legends of Ireland from the destructive influences of emigration, poor-laws, and the spread of the English language. With one of these legends we shall now conclude:—

CONVERSION OF OISIN.

Oisin, a few days before his death, was informed by St. Patrick that death came into the world because Eve pulled an apple, which God had told her not to touch, and that all crimes have sprung from that one sin of gluttony.

O. If, when I and Diarmuid lived in Taibherard, we had known that God was in want of apples, we would have sent to Him in Heaven, seven horses and one mule laden with apples.

P. God help you, Oisin, it was not for the sake of the apple that He condemned Adam and Eve, but because they obeyed the tempter.

Thou hast been an idolater all thy life; come with me to Lough Dearrig, and there learn to praise God and to pray to Him.

O. Patrick, I will not go with you to Lough Dearrig; there is nothing to be had there but bread and water, and that would ill suit an old grey man like me.

P. Oisin, know that the man who fasts on account of God is filled with the bread of life—come, therefore, with me to Lough Dearrig.

O. If it is as good a place as you say, I will go with you to stay for a time at Lough Dearrig, in hopes that I shall get a sight of the seven battalions of Fionn.

Patrick and Oisin then went to Lough Dearrig: seven days and seven nights they passed in prayer to God. At the end of that time Patrick prayed to God to give to Oisin a sight of heaven and of hell. Oisin got a sight of hell, and saw all the giants, his former companions, thrashing the demons with iron flails till the sparks flew out of their ribs. Oisin said to Gaul, "You are badly off." Gaul answered, "Are not these demons worse off?" Oisin asked if there was anything he could do for him? Gaul said, "The only thing I want is a thong to my flail that won't break, for whilst I am mending my flail the demons are severe upon me."

This sight inspired Oisin with fear lest he should go to the same place: he said, "O Patrick of the sweet mouth, bring a hatchet with a broad edge, and do not leave the least part of me uncut, for I have long been a sinner against God." He fainted, and the clergy were afraid he had died: however, he soon recovered, and said, "If all the sea were ink, and all the feathers of the birds of the air were pens, all the green earth paper, and all the sons and daughters of Eve were writers, it would be impossible for them to describe the tenth part of the horrors of hell."

Then Oisin asked for baptism: Patrick began the ceremony, and, whilst he was stooping down, the spear (crozier) that was in his hand pierced the foot of Oisin, and the ground became red with blood. Patrick said, "Oisin, you are hurt, and I am sorry for it." Oisin: "I thought it was part of baptism for the spear to go through my foot: I make an offering to God of all that suffering, in hopes that He will relieve the giants who are in the house of pains." Patrick said, "It is like throwing stones at the sun or at the moon to pray for souls that are in hell." Oisin: "From what you tell me, out of your book, I believe that nothing is impossible for your God to do: He can leave them just where they are, and yet give them delightful coolness."

Oisin spoke so innocently that a messenger came from God to say, that the Fenni, although not removed from the place where they had been so long, had got great relief from their pain. After this Oisin became a great penitent; till the time of his death he every day wetted three sheets with his tears.

So strange a mingling of simplicity, grotesqueness, and pathos could only, we suppose, be found among the peasantry of the west of Ireland.

CHRISTIAN GELLERT.*

THESE German "Tales of Our Village" are perhaps more interesting to foreigners than to those amongst and for whom they were written; for, independently of their intrinsic worth, we always prize unaffected portraiture of people whose ideas, habits, and life are as unknown to us as their costumes are familiar. It is not necessary to know much of the lighter contributions to German literature to be aware of certain prominent peculiarities by which it is characterized. Subtle and delicate ideas, or conceits, are often forcibly obtruded and paraded for admiration, and a mystical meaning is assigned to the simplest actions and the commonest objects. A love for over elaboration is at once the weakness and the strength of German fiction, and to less patient minds is inexpressibly tedious. Auerbach has denied himself the luxury of indulging to any extent in minute detail; and, indeed, his tales are too short to admit of their being overlaid with much ornament. His sketches are entirely unlike anything we have of the same sort. They deal with the familiar and tranquil, not the romantic and exceptional sides of life; and after the excitement of English and French stories,

* Christian Gellert, and other Sketches. By Berthold Auerbach.

we may compare these little German tales with the calm repose of some country village after the glare and bustle of a town.

The first sketch is called "Gellert's Last Christmas," and we have before us Leipzig in 1768, and Christian Fürchtegott Gellert, the simple poet of blameless life and studious habits, who was not only beloved in the University, but far and wide. Those who are acquainted with his life by his friend Johann Andreas Cramer, published in 1774, will know that his character is not exaggerated by Herr Auerbach. Few men seem to have had a humbler or more sensitive mind, and he shrank from the outward expressions of respect and admiration. Bodily weakness increased his dejection and want of confidence in himself. Like other pure natures, striving to do good with all diligence, Gellert underrated or forgot what he had done in his efforts to do more. Men honoured him, yet he thought nothing achieved when anything was left undone, so his spirit was more readily depressed than elevated. Auerbach says, "It belongs to the bitterest experience of life to discover how little one man can really be to another." When we are introduced to the poet, he has come home weary from his lecture, and sits, with his pipe in his mouth, reading numerous letters received from friends, and strangers who took counsel of him. He answers them, and retires to rest comforted by the sympathy of those he loves. At the same time, in Duben Forest, we are to suppose a grumbling rustic, by name Christoph, rising from his bed. As he has to go out and brave wind and rain, he murmurs what a wretched existence is his—broken rest and toiling day, whilst others fare so differently. His wife cheerfully lights the fire, and sets about preparing her husband's porridge. Whilst waiting, he looks at a book lying open on the table, and a verse strikes him:—

Geniesse was dir Gott beschieden,
Entbehre gern was du nicht hast;
Ein jeder Stand hat seinen Frieden,
Ein jeder Stand hat seine Last.

Which has been translated:—

Accept God's gifts with resignation,
Content to lack what thou hast not;
In every lot there's consolation,
There's trouble, too, in every lot.

"It is true," says the woodman softly to himself; and he adds, aloud, "it's all there together, short and sweet." He takes off his cap, folds his hands, and repeats the words before eating his smoking porridge. His wife wonders at his grace. Christoph calls the verse real God's words, and thinks they must be those of a saint of old. His wife tells him they are Gellert's, of Leipzig, his brother's tutor. She has heard how poor the great Professor is, how charitable and good; and after telling his short story, she concludes by saying, "Maybe at this moment he is hungry and cold; and he is said to be in ill health, too, as well." Christoph's heart is touched. He would willingly do the man a good turn, so that he might know there was one at least who cared for him. If Gellert had land, "he would plough, sow, reap, carry, and thresh by the week together for him." The wife reminds Christoph that he is that day going to Leipzig with wood, and advises him to seek out the Professor, and thank him; for, she sensibly observes, "that sort of thing does such a man's heart good." The woodman drives his laden waggon to the city, and we know what his thoughts were on the way, for Auerbach is skilful in divining the process that would go on in such a rustic brain. Christoph thinks of all the blessings of his life, which grow even brighter as he ponders on them. He would like to see Gellert, and hold out his hand to him, but not empty; yet to give was against the grain. A funeral procession passes—the scholars of St. Thomas's, in their long black cloaks, are chanting by the bier. It strikes our peasant that it may be Gellert they are bearing to the grave, and he wishes he had done him a kindness, even so far as to give him his wood. It happened to be a burgher's funeral. Now a conflict arises in Christoph's honest yet money-loving heart. His moment of regret and generosity passes; his enthusiasm is extinguished by worldly considerations; yet he dare not lie to his conscience, with which he makes a quaint compromise. He feels that he has promised the wood, though no one heard him. He said to himself—"I'll stand by this. Look, it is just nine; if no one ask the price of your wood until ten o'clock—until the stroke of ten—until it has done striking, I mean; if no one asks, then the wood belongs to Professor Gellert; but if a buyer come, then it is a sign that you need not, should not, give it away. There, that is settled. But how? What means this? Can you make your good deed dependent on such a chance as this? No, no; I don't mean it. But yet—yet—only for a joke, I will try it." He listens to his own sophistry, and goes into the market. Time passes—he turns from the dial, and looks at the wood. Some one taps him on the back, and asks, "How much for the load?" Christoph inquires what the time is. "Half-past ten." "Then the wood is now no longer mine, at least to sell." He delivers his load at Gellert's door, only keeping back a few logs. The servant thinks him mad, for his master has not bought or ordered the wood; yet Christoph says it is his. Up the street from the University comes Gellert, a man of noble countenance, but stooping gait—all heads are uncovered as he passes. The woodman addresses him, and takes the liberty of asking to shake hands. The Professor draws his long thin hand out of his muff, and places it in the horny peasant's hand. This is not enough for the German's love of symbolism. Through this grasp of hands "there took place, though the mortal actors in the scene were all unconscious, a renewal of that

healthy life which alone can make a people one." Gellert and the woodman enter the house, and the latter tells why he brought his offering of wood. The Professor explains at some length why he accepts it, and goes on to say that no one need thank his fellow, "if every one would but acknowledge who it really is that gives." As this seems profound to the poor man, Gellert remarks, "Understand me properly, I thank you from my heart;" but again wanders off to their exchange of good offerings, where the peasant cannot follow:—"There is in the world an adjustment which no one sees, and which but seldom discovers itself; and this and that shift thither and thither, and the scales of the balance become even; and then ceases all distinction between 'mine' and 'thine,' and in the still forest rings an axe for me, and in the silent night my spirit thinks, and my pen writes for you." Poor Christoph may well rub his bewildered head, and wonder where he is; but his horse neighs, and he is in the world again. It may get cold by standing so long—no money for the wood, and a sick horse into the bargain, would be too much. After a little more talk, Christoph takes leave. In his nightly meditations, it occurs to the poet that he has not asked the peasant's name; but comfort for the omission is at hand. It is best so, he thinks, for now it is not an individual, "but all the world by the mouth of one." Not long after, Gellert dies tranquilly. Christoph and his family follow him with tears to the grave. As the woodman returns home, he says, "I am glad I did him a kindness in his lifetime—it would now be too late." On the new house which he built he inscribed the memorable verse which first made Gellert known to him.

A sketch called "The Stepmother" occupies the greater portion of Herr Auerbach's book, and it is a very charming description of life in a little German town. The events are just those which might occur in homely life, and the characters are exceedingly clever. As we read, we seem to live amongst the simple burghers, enter into their huge laboured jokes, admire their practical good sense, shrewd inconic remarks, and careful household thrif. There is shrewdness itself exhibited in the sketch of a certain Baker who from extreme poverty had risen to be a wealthy man. He would describe the details of his rise—not so much because he was thankful to be placed far above want, as because, by telling his story, he gained credit. "Had he been silent, and let it ooze out through others, there would have been no lack of malicious and envious insinuations." It paid well, for "the small folks were grateful to him for placing himself on an equality with them; and the great folks praised his modesty, and were glad to be able to show him, by their favour, how high he had advanced." He lived happily with his wife, a notable woman, superior to him in education and everything else. She understood him, and he was grateful for her esteem. He said, "My wife is the slyest of the sly; she purchased me on spec—she calculated well, too, for she knew that in a few years I should rise in price, and be worth treble." In the pushing, unscrupulous Baker the author wishes to impress the idea that clever manœuvring is no match for simple honesty in the sequel. The Baker's wisdom fails with Thaddea, his daughter-in-law, the good stepmother of the tale. As the sensible Bakeress characteristically said of her, "You see goodness in all she does, but you cannot say it is just there. Her goodness is like the butter which is baked in the bread, it is everywhere." Thaddea's wisdom is especially brought out by her treatment of a warm-hearted obstinate child, whose ill-will is kept alive by the neighbours, who are prejudiced against all step-mothers, and injudiciously pity the child. There is one thoroughly German scene. Thaddea is placing some pots of flowers in the window, where they may feel the sun, and the author makes her observe—"There are moments in which we participate in the spirit of universal life; these plants grew far from hence, yet the sun can find them everywhere." Love is the sunshine of the human heart, so she must bring her step-child "into a position to perceive the love which she devoted to it." Not long after, the child's love is won, once and for ever. We wish that these sketches had a chance of being properly appreciated in their English dress, but the translation is so bad that the reader has frequently to arrange for himself some obscure or inverted sentence. Herr Auerbach's writing is too good to be so distorted.

Although not mentioned in the translation, these tales are to be found, by those who wish to enjoy the original, in Berthold Auerbach's *Deutscher Familien Kalender* for the present year. In conclusion, we wish we could add that the book was adorned by its numerous woodcuts. They are very inferior to what we had a right to expect from a list of artists headed by Wilhelm von Kauffbach.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

In consequence of numerous applications from persons desirous of completing their Sets of the "Saturday Review," all the early Numbers have been reprinted; and the Publisher is now able to deliver single copies of each number from the commencement, at 6d. each copy, unstamped. He is also prepared to supply entire volumes as under:—

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May 22, 1858.]

The Saturday Review.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

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BENEVENTANO, ALDIGHIERSI, VIALLETI, and GIUGLINI.

THURSDAY NEXT, May 27th (Extra Night), will be repeated IL TROVATORE, and the New Ballet.

FRIDAY, May 28th.—GRAND MORNING CONCERT, in which all the Artistes of this Establishment will appear.

MONDAY, June 7th.—GRAND MORNING PERFORMANCE.

In answer to numerous communications, it is announced that, for the convenience of the Gentry residing in the Environs, a Grand Morning Performance will be given on Monday, June 7th, in which all the Artistes of the Establishment will perform, including all the Artistes of the Ballet.

Applications to be made at the Box-office at the Theatre.

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First appearance of Signor GRATIANI.
First appearance of Signor GARDONI.

First Night of LA TRAVIATA.

On TUESDAY NEXT, May 25th, will be performed, for the First Time this Season, Verdi's Opera,

LA TRAVIATA.

Violetta	Madame BOSSIO.
(Her first appearance this season.)	
Flora Bervoix	Madame TAGLIAVICCO.
Georgio Germont	Signor GRATIANI.
(His first appearance this season.)	
Barone Duphol	Signor TAGLIAVICCO.
Marchese D'Obigny	Signor POLONINI.
Gastone	Signor SOLDI.
Dottore Grenvil	M. ZELGER.
Giuseppe	Signor ROSSI, and
Alfredo	Signor GARDONI.
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Conductor	Mr. COSTA.

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ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Mr. and Mrs. CHARLES KEAN respectfully inform the Public that their ANNUAL BENEFIT will take place on SATURDAY, JUNE 12th, upon which occasion Shakespeare's Play of THE MERCHANT OF VENICE will be produced with the same accuracy of detail and historical correctness that have marked the previous revivals at this theatre. In consequence of this arrangement, KING LEAR will be repeated ELEVEN NIGHTS more, and then withdrawn, to make room for THE MERCHANT OF VENICE. KING LEAR, Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The Directors of the Crystal Palace have great pleasure in announcing that they have completed an arrangement with Mr. Gye, of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent-garden, to give SIX GRAND CONCERTS at the CRYSTAL PALACE during the present season.

The Concerts will be supported by the following unrivalled Artistes:—Madame Grisi, Madlle. Maral, Madlle. Parepa, Madame Tagliavico, Madame Bossio, Signor Mario Rossi, Signor Soldi, Signor Neri-Baraldi, Signor Gardoni, Signor Tamburini, Signor Ronconi, Monsieur Zelger, Signor Tagliavico, Signor Polonini, and Signor Gratianni.

These Concerts will take place on FRIDAYS, May 28th, June 11th, 25th, July 9th, 23rd, and August 6th—once a fortnight through the season.

The admission to the Crystal Palace on the day of these Concerts will be 7s. each person. Reserved Stalls may be had, 2s. 6d. each. Sets of Stalls for the Six Concerts will have priority of choice. These are now on sale.

In order, however, to meet the wishes of that large class of the nobility and gentry who so constantly honoured the Opera Concerts with their patronage during the last two seasons, the Directors have determined to issue a One Guinea Ticket, which will admit to the whole of the Six Concerts. This Ticket is, of course, not transferable.

Tickets may be obtained at the Crystal Palace; at the Central Ticket-OFFICE, No. 2, Exeter-hall; or at the Box-office of the Royal Italian Opera.

N.B. The six days above enumerated are those named as excepted days in the Directors' Prospectus of the present season, but Season Ticket-holders will observe, on referring to an adjoining advertisement, that the Directors have made a most advantageous arrangement for them with regard to the above Concerts.

By order. GEO. GROVE, Secretary.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—TO SEASON TICKET-HOLDERS.—

The Directors, in their arrangements with Mr. Gye for a series of SIX OPERA CONCERTS on the six days excepted on the Season Tickets, have reserved for Season Ticket-holders the privilege of taking a NON-TRANSFERABLE SUBSCRIPTION TICKET for the series on payment of HALF-A-GUINEA only. This Subscription Ticket can be obtained only at the Crystal Palace, or at No. 2, Exeter-hall, on presentation of the original Season Ticket of the party applying, or fresh applicants may obtain the Two Tickets at either of these places simultaneously on payment of One Guinea and a Half.

By order. GEORGE GROVE, Secretary.

CRYSTAL PALACE, May 19th, 1858.

MR. ALBERT SMITH'S MONT BLANC, NAPLES, POMPEII, and VESUVIUS, EVERY NIGHT (except Saturday) at Eight, and Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday Afternoons at Three. Places can be secured at the Box-office, Egyptian Hall, daily, between eleven and four, without any extra charge.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY.—The FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF PHOTOGRAPHS IS NOW OPEN, at No. 1, New Coventry-street, Piccadilly. Daily, from Ten till Five, admission One Shilling; Evenings, from Seven till Ten, admission Sixpence.

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JOSEPH J. JENKINS, Secretary.

WHITSUN HOLIDAYS.

THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.—The Museum, Schools, and Library, will be open FREE every Morning from Monday, 24th, to Saturday, 28th May, inclusive; and in the Evenings of Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, Hours, from Ten till Six; Evenings, Seven till Ten.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—LAST WEEK, ending Saturday next, May 20th, of M. GOMPERTZ'S HISTORICAL DIORAMA OF THE INDIAN MUTINY. Each Day at Three and Eight o'clock. Dress Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—JUDAS MACCABÆUS will be performed on the 29th May, in aid of the Funds of the ROYAL GENERAL ANNUITY SOCIETY, under the immediate Patronage of

Her Most Gracious Majesty THE QUEEN.

The Marchioness of Bute.	The Marquis of Salisbury.
The Countess of Derby.	The Earl Howe.
The Countess of Hardwicke.	The Earl Talbot.
The Countess of Yarborough.	Lord Fetherstonha.
The Viscountess Doneraile.	Lord John Manners, M.P.
Lady John Somerset.	Lord Suffield.
Lady Frances Bridgman Simpson.	Major-General Sir W. F. Williams (of Kars), Bart., M.P.
et. ac. &c.	et. ac. &c.

Vocalists: Madame Lemmens Sherrington, Madame Weiss, Miss Delby; Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. W. Cooper, and Mr. Weiss. The Band and Chorus of the Vocal Association will number 400 Performers. Conductor, M. Benedict. Tickets at 3s., St. James's-street; Chappell and Co., and Leader and Co., New Bond-street; Cramer and Co., Regent-street; Keith and Co., Cheapside; Weston's Library, Knightsbridge; and of Mr. Austin, at St. James's Hall (Piccadilly entrance).

MUSICAL UNION.—JOACHIM, RUBINSTEIN, PIATTI, &c.—ST. JAMES'S HALL, TUESDAY, May 26th; to begin a quarter of an hour earlier than usual—viz., Quarter past Three. Quintet, E flat, Piano, Oboe, &c.—MOZART. Kreutzer Sonata. Piano and Violin, and Septet (entire), E flat—BEETHOVEN. Solos, Violoncello and Piano. The East and South Galleries, and Orchestra Seats, are recommended for seeing and hearing the Artistes. Tickets, 10s. 6d. each, to be had at CARMEN'S, CHAPPELL'S, and OLLIVIER'S.

J. ELLA, Director, St. James's Hall.

WILHELMINA CLAUSS (Madame SZAVARDY) will have the honour of giving a SECOND MATINÉE MUSICALE, on MONDAY, 24th May, at WILLIS'S ROOMS, King-street, assisted by Herr MOLIQUE, Mr. HARRY BLADBOV, and Signor PIANO. To commence at Three o'clock precisely. Reserved and Numbered Seats, 10s. 6d.; Unreserved Seats, 7s. To be obtained at Mr. MITCHELL'S Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street.

M. CHARLES DICKENS WILL READ, AT ST. MARTIN'S HALL, on WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, May 26th, at Three exactly, his "CHRISTMAS CAROL." On THURSDAY EVENING, May 27th, at Eight o'clock, his "CHIMES." Each Reading will last two hours.

Stalls (numbered and reserved), 5s.; Area and Galleries, 2s. 6d.; Unreserved Seats, 1s. Tickets to be had at Messrs. CHAPMAN and HALE'S, Publishers, 193, Piccadilly; and at St. Martin's Hall, Long-acre.

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